

No. 39

# GIGGLE COMICS

IND

10¢



March



READER,  
BE MY  
**VALENTINE!**

Lur.  
*Superkatt*



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# Who's number ONE IN THE LAUGH LINEUP?



6  
5  
4  
3  
2  
1

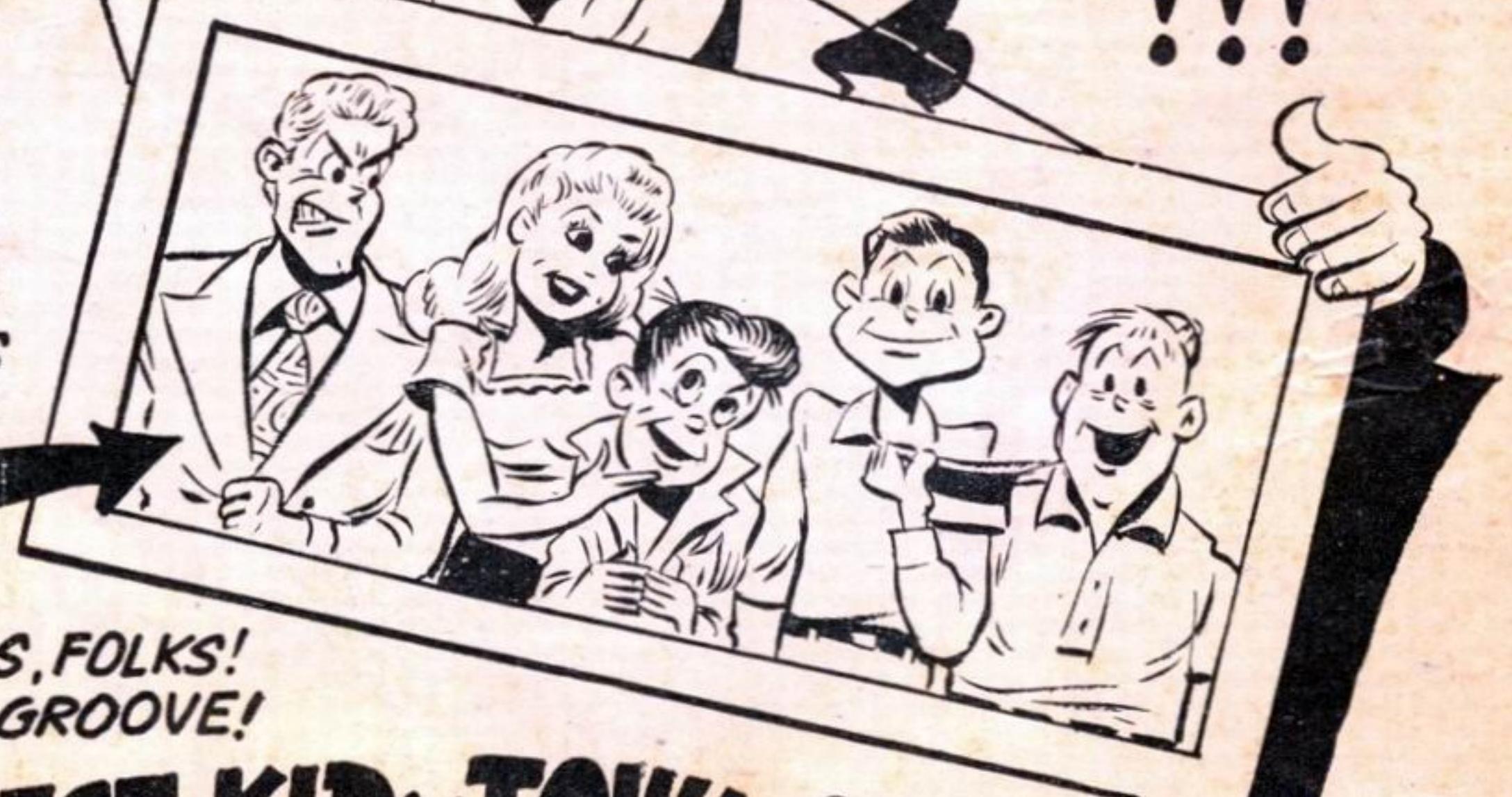
**WHY, "COOKIE" OF COURSE!**

**COOKIE'S** THE LAFF-LAD THE WHOLE WORLD LOVES! **COOKIE'S** THE HOTTEST, MOST HILARIOUS HEPCAT IN HISTORY... A RAPID-FIRE ROMEO AND A REGULAR GUY! AND NOW HE'S SWEEPING THE NATION IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE...



HERE'S THE MAGAZINE--

-- AND HERE'S WHO'S IN IT!



IT'S ALL YOURS, FOLKS!  
SO GET IN THE GROOVE!

Meet... **The FUNNIEST KID IN TOWN!** Read

**10¢** AT ALL STANDS

**"COOKIE"**

# SUPERKAT!

DON'T LOOK  
NOW -- BUT SOMETHING  
TELLS ME **CUPID**  
IS NEARBY!

TWANG!

S.K.C.

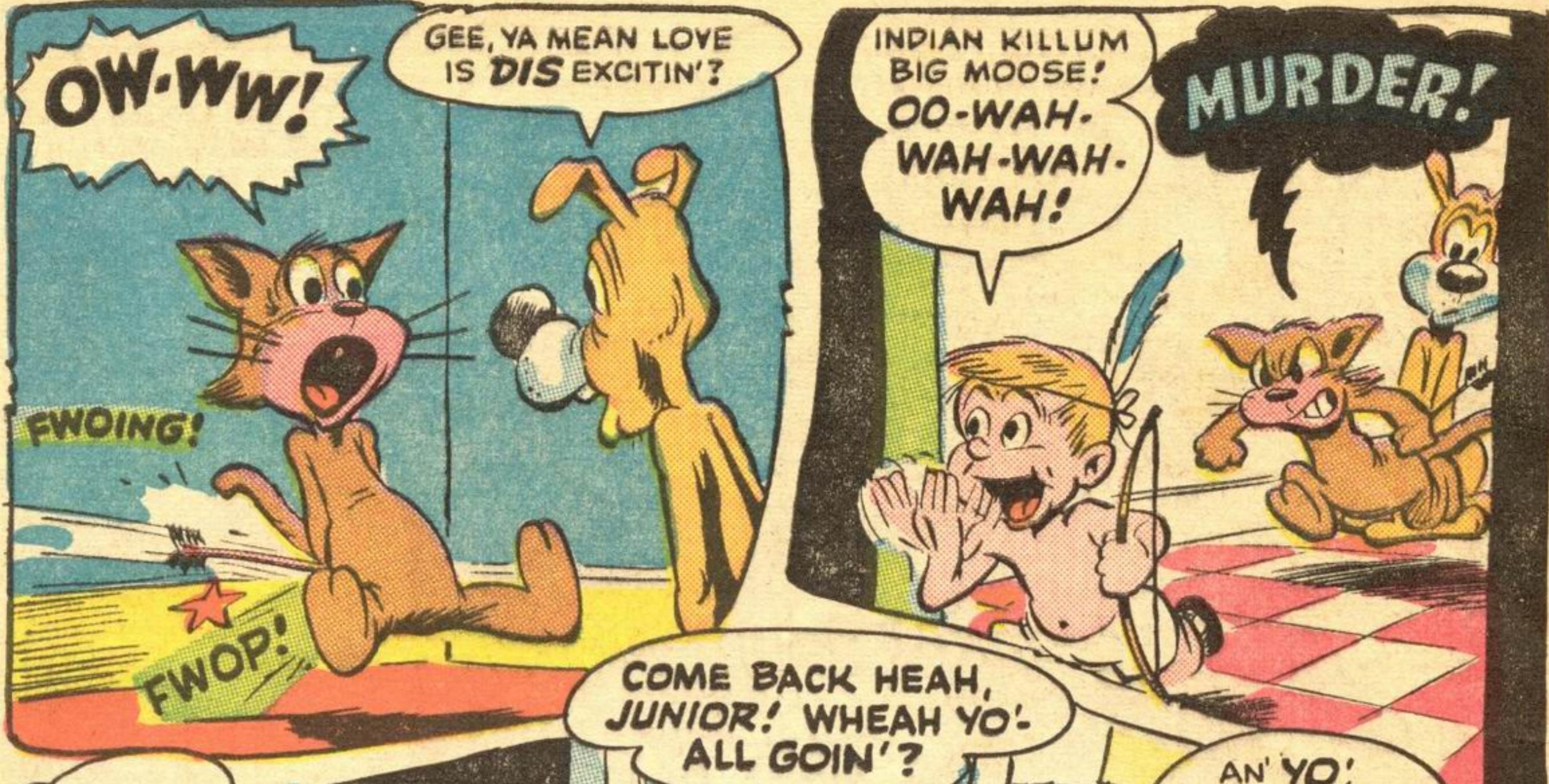
BUT I'M A  
**BOY CAT**,  
HUMPHREY! YOU  
SHOULDN'T BE  
WASTING YOUR  
VALENTINES  
ON **ME**!

AW,  
BUT SUPE--  
**EVERYBODY**  
LOVES YA!  
YA SEE ---

OH, COME, COME, MY FRIEND--IT'S  
NOT THE SAME THING! JUST WAIT  
UNTIL THAT SPECIAL GIRL COMES  
ALONG, AN' CUPID SHOOTS  
ONE OF HIS ARROWS  
AT YOU! THEN ---

JUNIOR  
PLAYUM  
INDIAN!  
**SEE BIG  
MOOSE!**

TA  
SUPE--  
WITH  
LOVE



GANGWAY FOR  
BIG CHIEF  
SHOOTUM  
BULL!  
WAH-WAH-  
WAH!

HMM! DEFINITELY  
THE UNSOCIAL  
TYPE!



AHA! -- SO OUR LITTLE INDIAN  
BIT THE DUST, EH? OKAY, JUNIOR--  
IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED  
A LESSON IN  
BEHAVIOR!

B-BUT...



LAY OFF,  
PETUNIA!  
THIS IS A MATTER  
OF HONOR BETWEEN  
JUNIOR AND  
ME!

TOUCH BUT A HAIR  
OF DAT CHILE'S  
HAID, AN' YO'DIES  
LAK A DOG --A  
KATT, DAT IS!



BUT  
PETUNIA!



HEY!

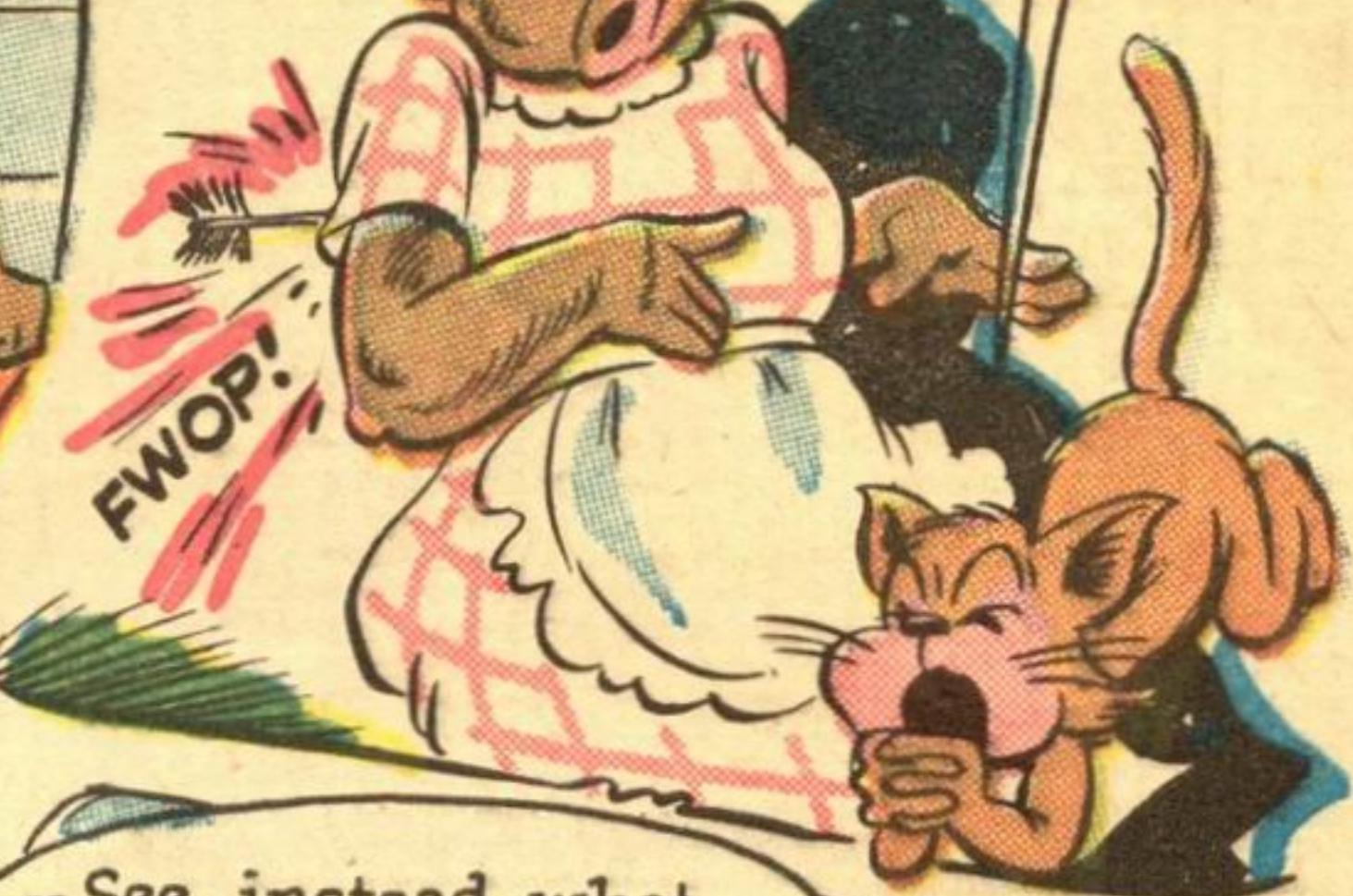
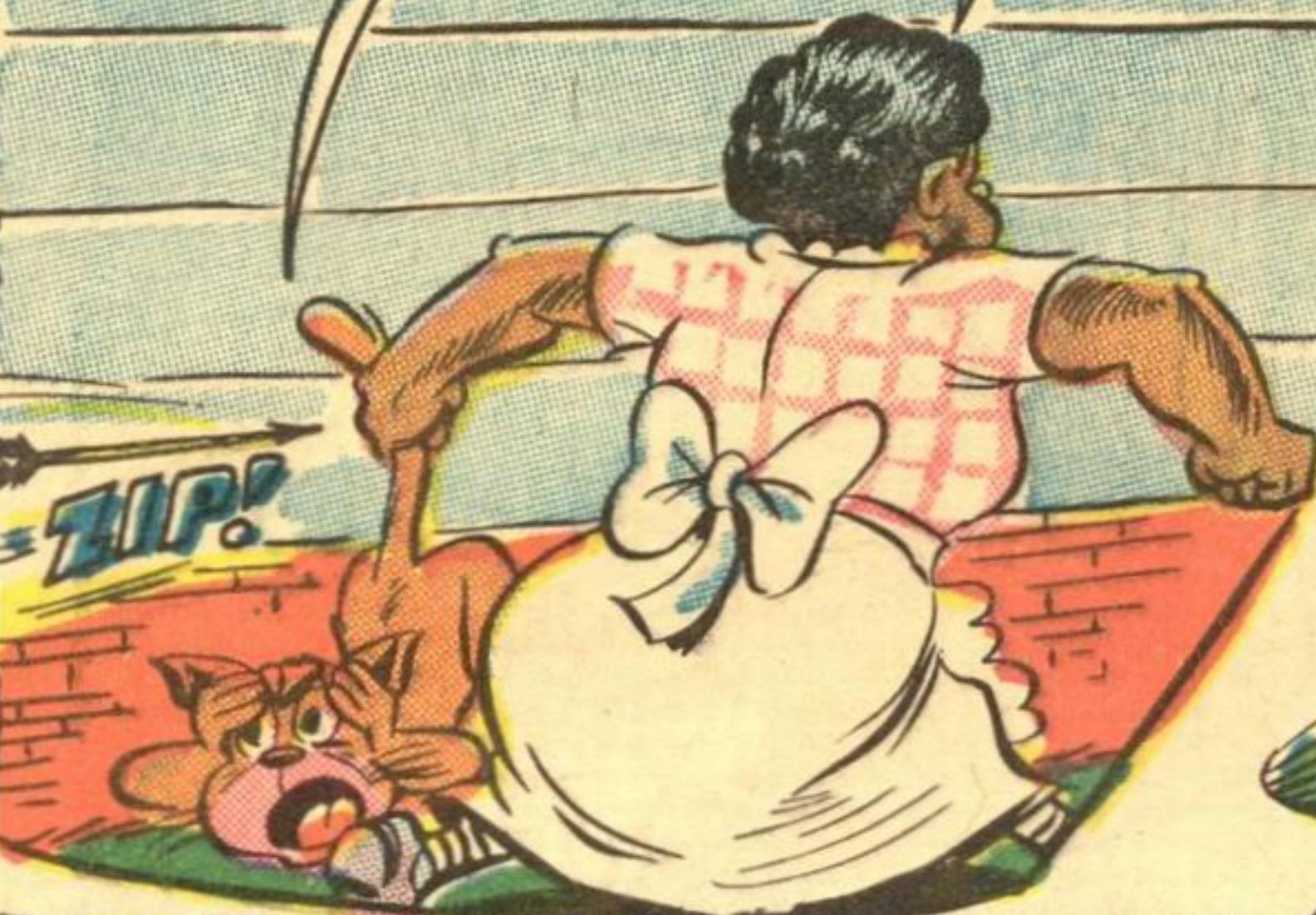


**DOWN, PETUNIA--  
OR YOU'LL BE A  
DEAD DUCK!**

DAT AIN'T NOTHIN'  
TA WOT YO'-ALL  
AM GONNA BE  
WHEN I ---

**ULP!**

OH, THAT  
FIENDISH CHILD!  
WHAT HAS HE DONE  
TO MY DEAR,  
SWEET  
PETUNIA?

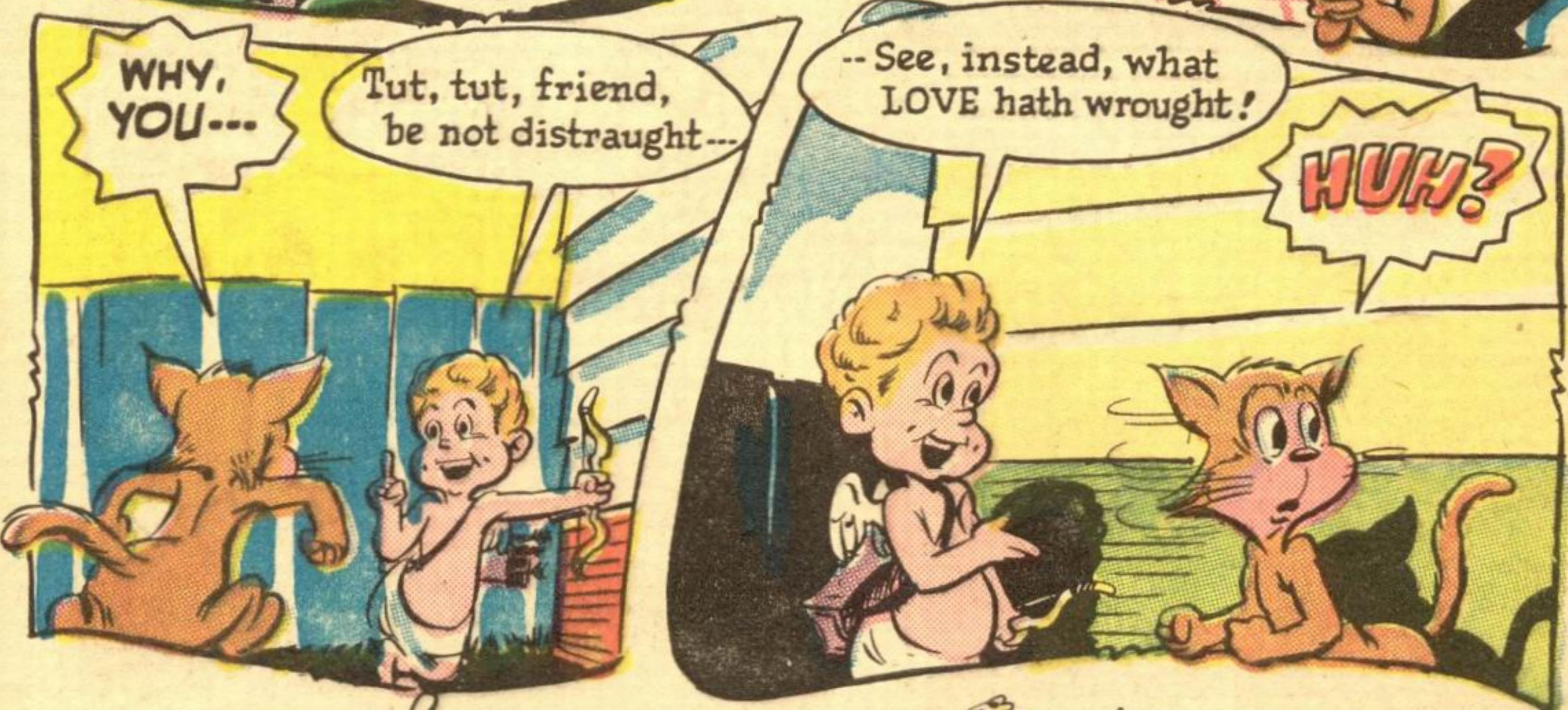


**WHY,  
YOU---**

Tut, tut, friend,  
be not distraught...

-- See, instead, what  
LOVE hath wrought!

**HUH?**

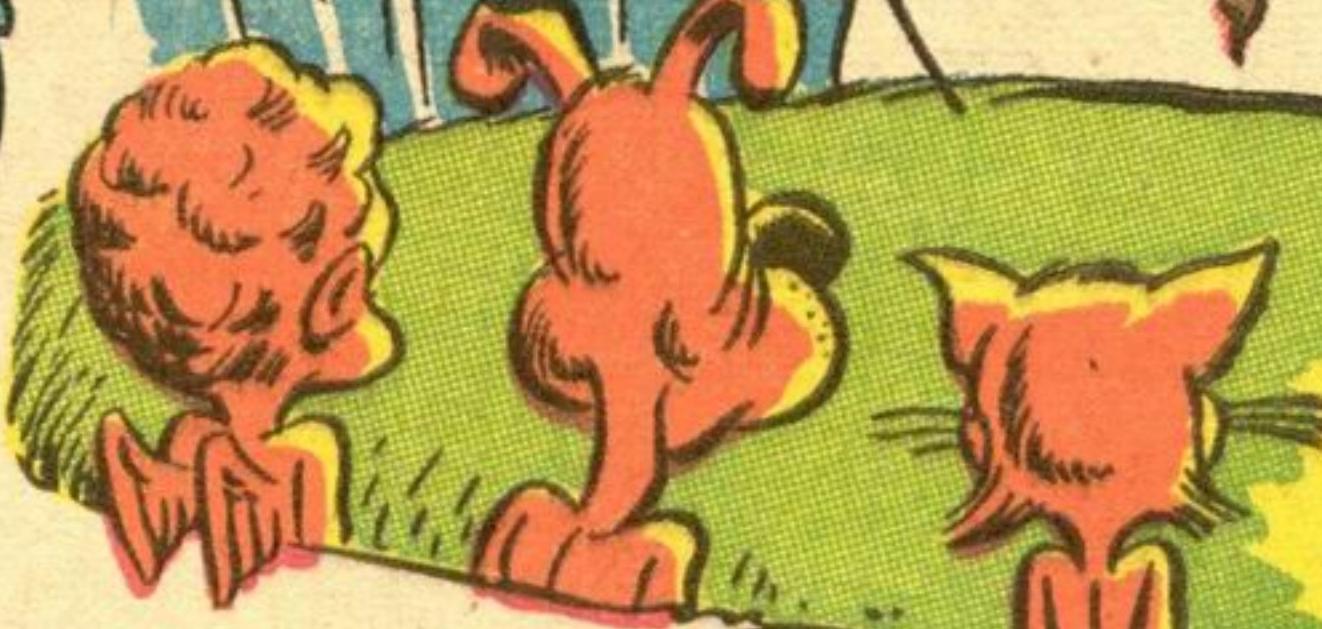


OH, DERE YA ARE,  
SUPE! I BEEN  
LOOKIN' ALL OVER  
FER YA!

SH-HHH!  
QUIET,  
HUMPHREY!

HOLY SMOKE!  
WOT IS IT--  
A WAR  
DANCE?

NO! MR. CUPID,  
THERE HAS WORKED  
A MIRACLE OF  
LOVE!



MR. KEWPIE?  
AN' ALLA TIME I  
TOUGHT DIS WUZ  
JUNIOR!

I MADE THE  
SAME MISTAKE!  
QUIET, NOW--SHE'S  
COMING THIS  
WAY!



AN' YO', YO' BIG OL'  
HAN'SOME BEAST! AH  
GOT SUMP'N SPECIAL FO'  
YO'-ALL! SO OPEN YO'  
MOUTH AN' CLOSE  
YO' EYES!

ME?

YES, YOU,  
HUMPHREY!  
GO AHEAD!

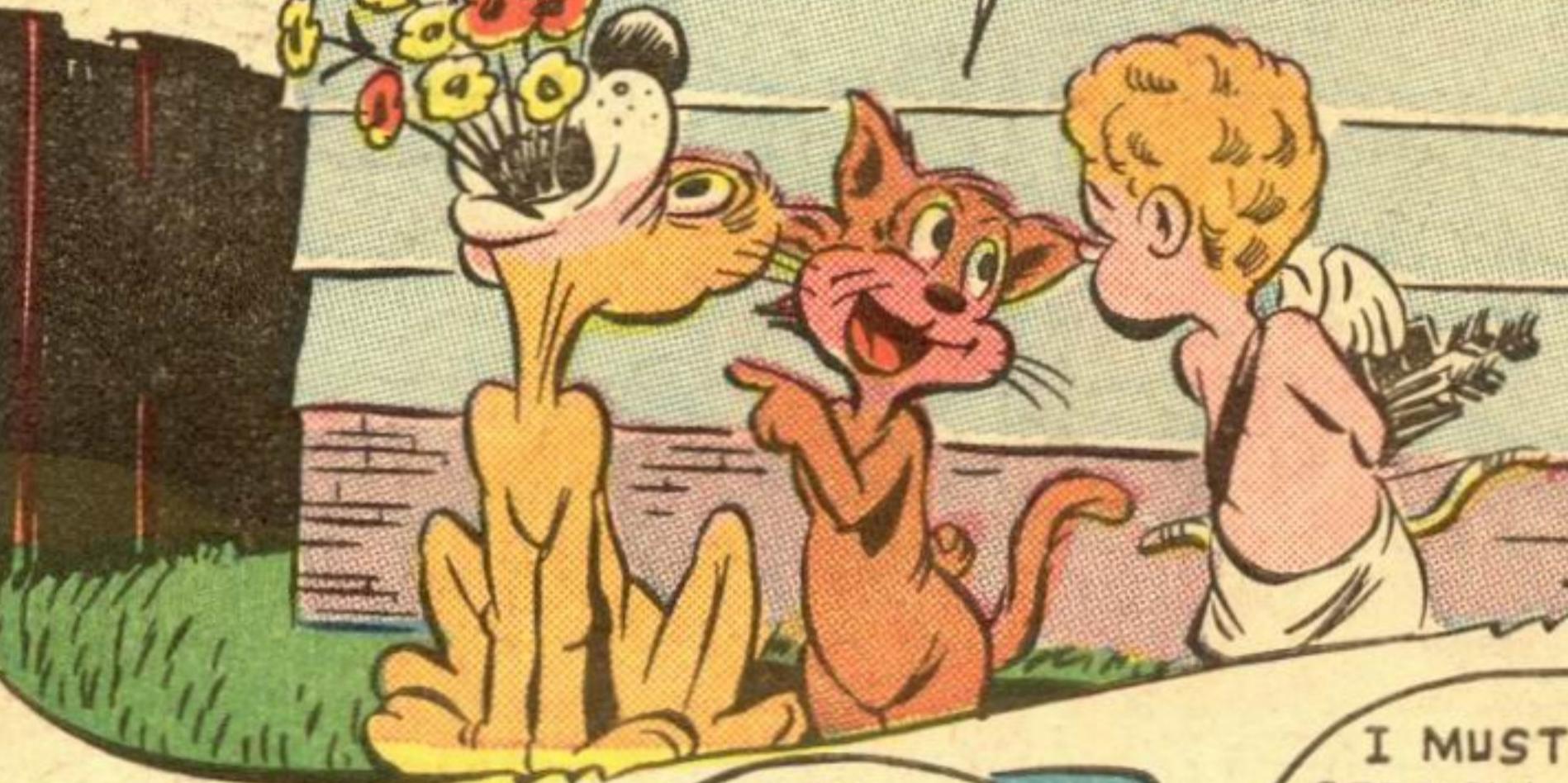
OKAY!



?!-!?

NOW, ISN'T THAT SWEET? SHE THOUGHT HE WAS A FLOWER POT!

WHEN YO' HEART GOES BUMPETY-BUMP, IT'S LOVE, LOVE, LOVE---

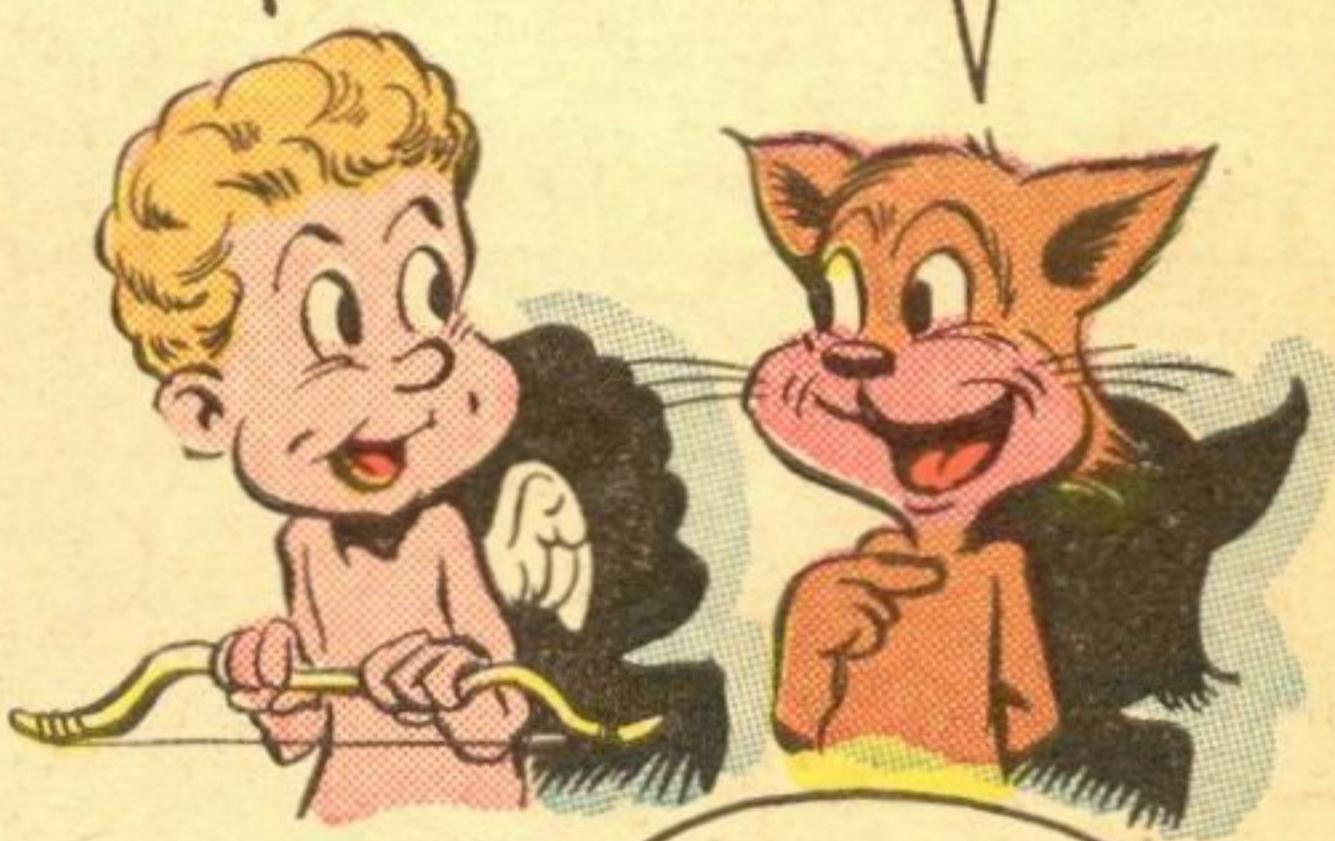
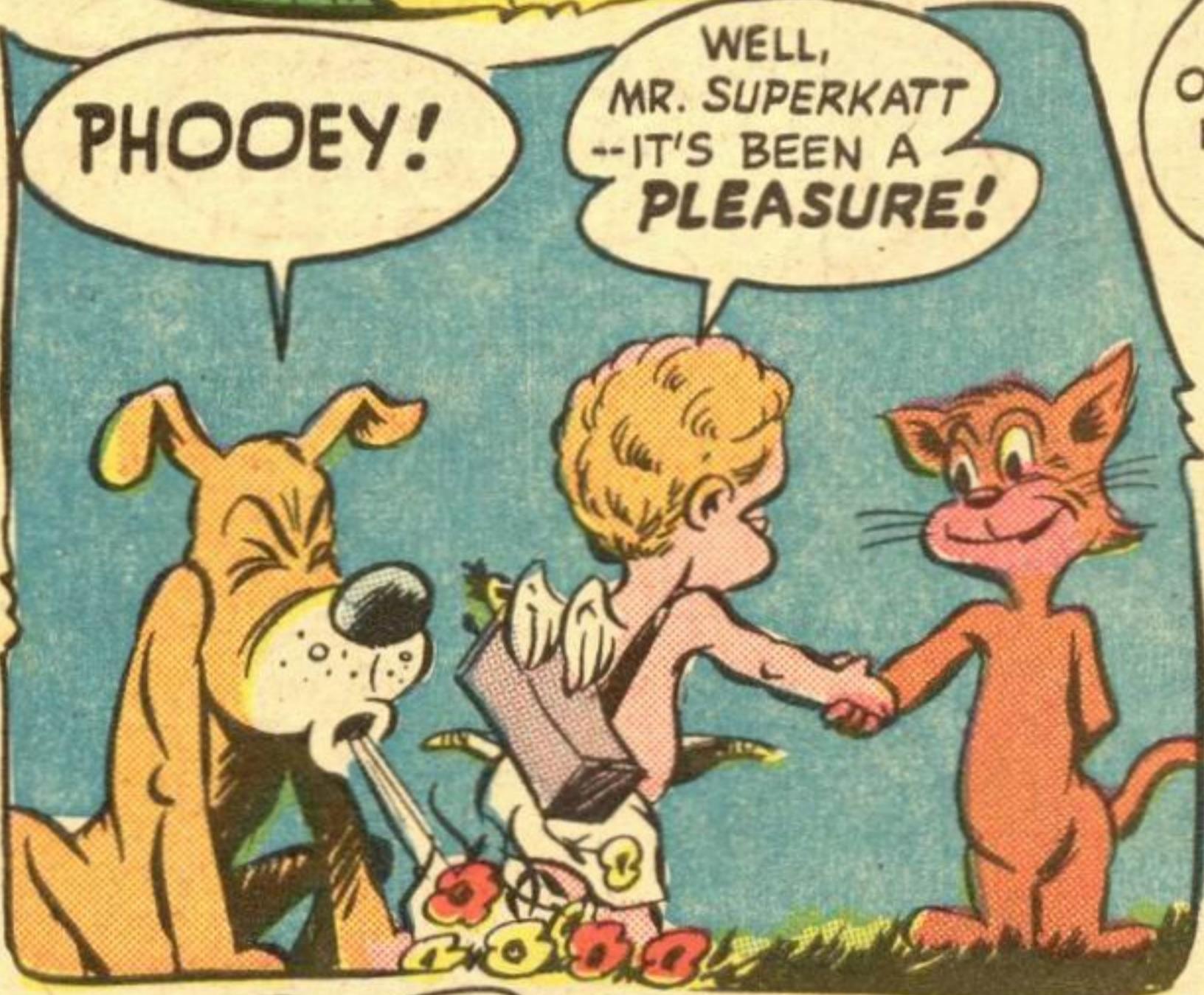


PHOOEY!

WELL,  
MR. SUPERKATT  
--IT'S BEEN A  
PLEASURE!

I MUST BE OFF NOW --- UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU HAVE SOME PROBLEM OF THE HEART THAT I CAN ---

ME...  
SUPERKATT...  
IN LOVE?  
NONSENSE!  
I'M HARDLY  
THE TYPE---

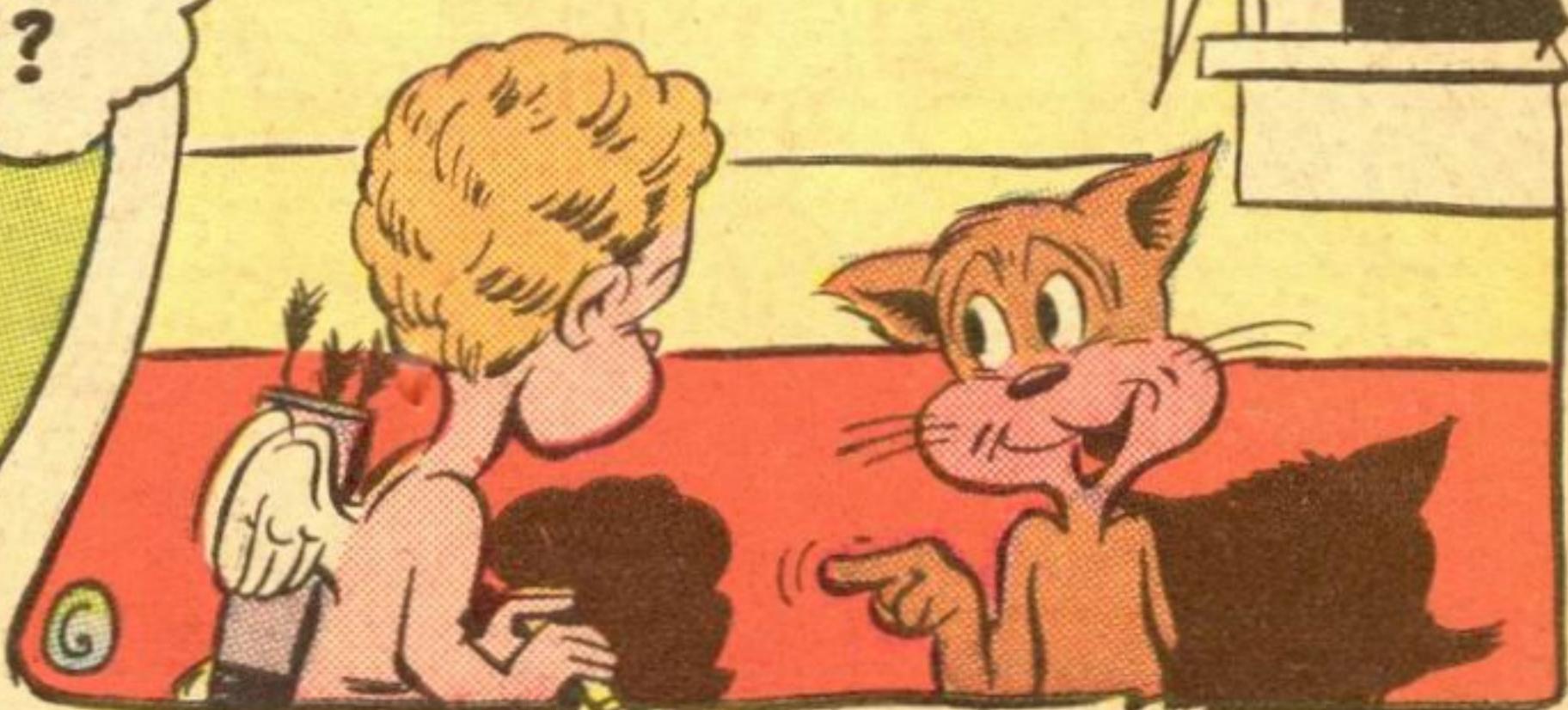
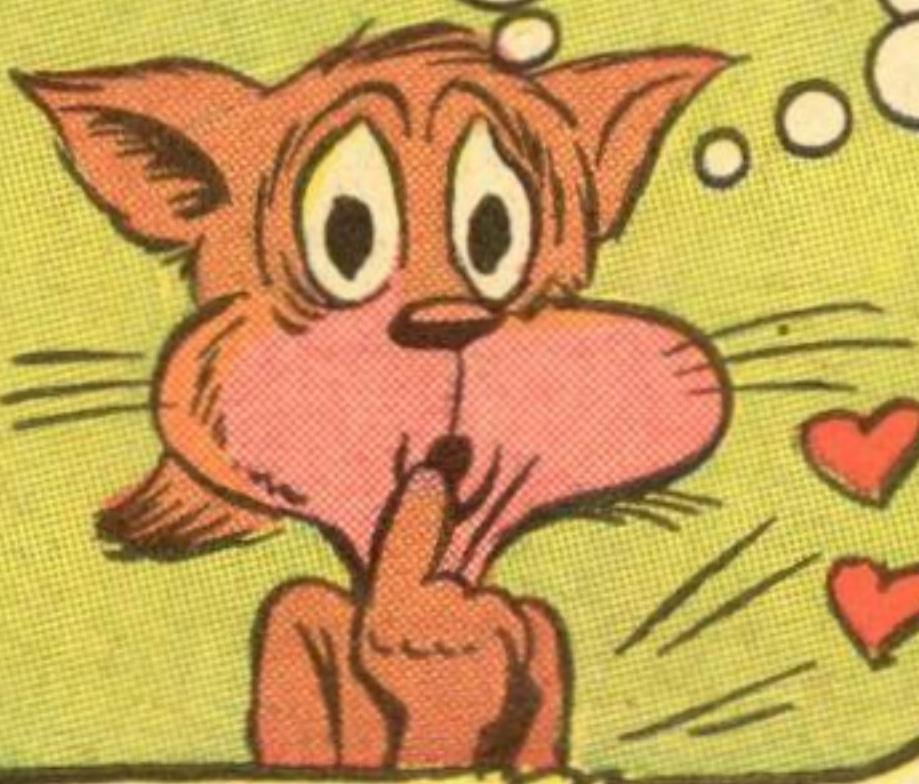


48  
ELM  
STREET

AH -- I SEE THAT THERE **IS** SOME LITTLE ROMANTIC SERVICE I CAN PERFORM BEFORE I DEPART!

YES -- I MEAN,  
NO -- ER... WELL, I THOUGHT THAT MAYBE -- ER -- YOU COULD GIVE ME ONE OF YOUR DARTS -- JUST AS A SOUVENIR, OF COURSE...

--OR  
AM  
I?



I'LL DON MY SUPER-TOGS --  
THAT'LL DAZZLE HER ...AN' THEN,  
WITH THE DART THAT CUPID  
GAVE ME --- I'M  
A CINCH!

OH, SUPAHKITTY! IF  
YO'-ALL SEES LITTLE JUNIOR,  
TELL 'IM TA GIT HOME FER  
SUPPER! AH'S STEPPIN'  
OUT TONIGHT!

RIGHTO,  
PETUNIA!  
MOST  
DECIDEDLY!

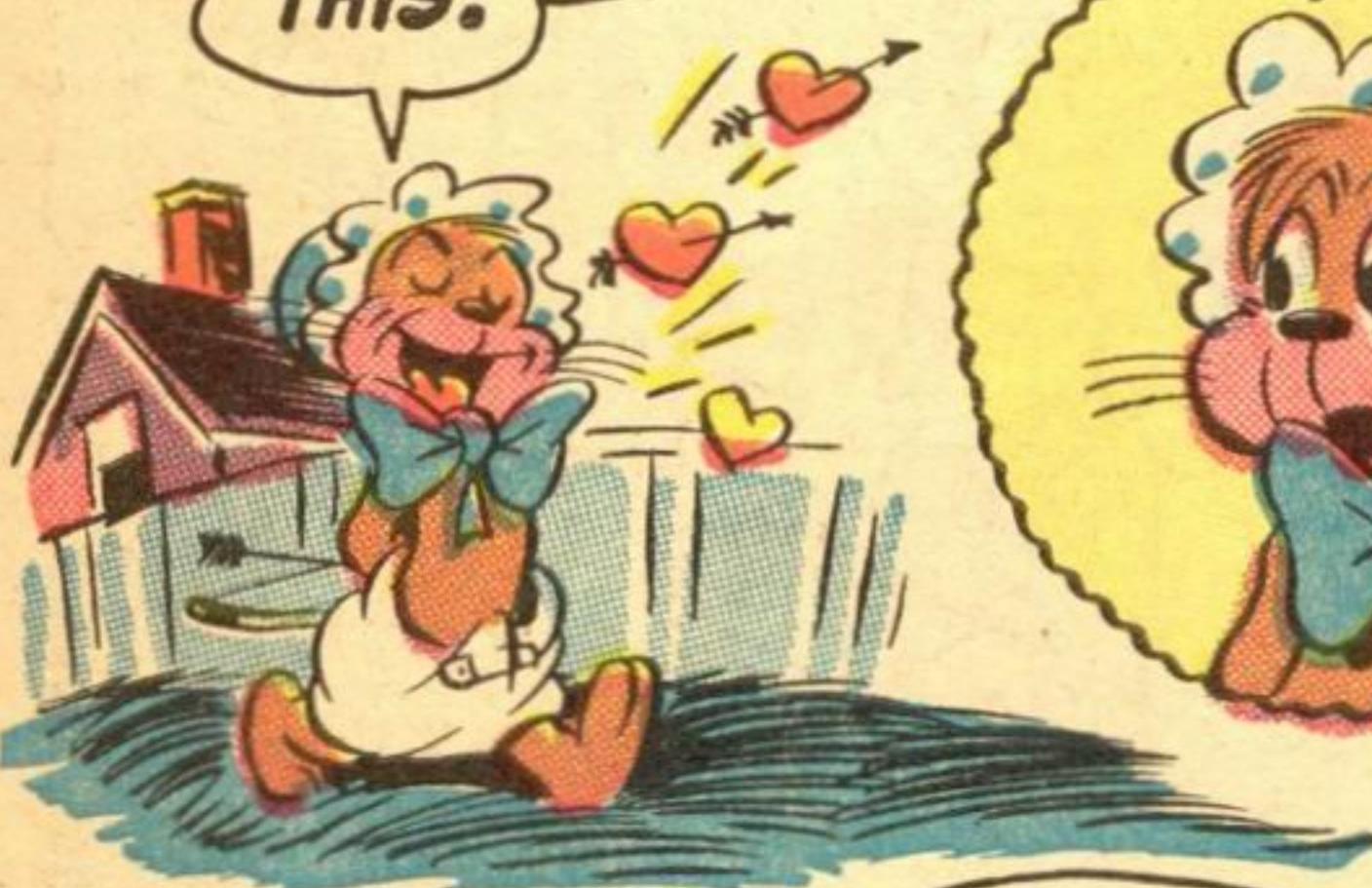


I SHOULD WORRY  
ABOUT JUNIOR  
AT A TIME LIKE  
THIS!

WOT  
THE--?

HUMPHREY!  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENED  
TO YOU?

AW, GEE... I  
JUST ASKED AGGIE  
AIREDALE TA BE  
ME VALENTINE ---  
AN' BAM!  
LOVE HANDS  
ME AN  
UPPERCUT!

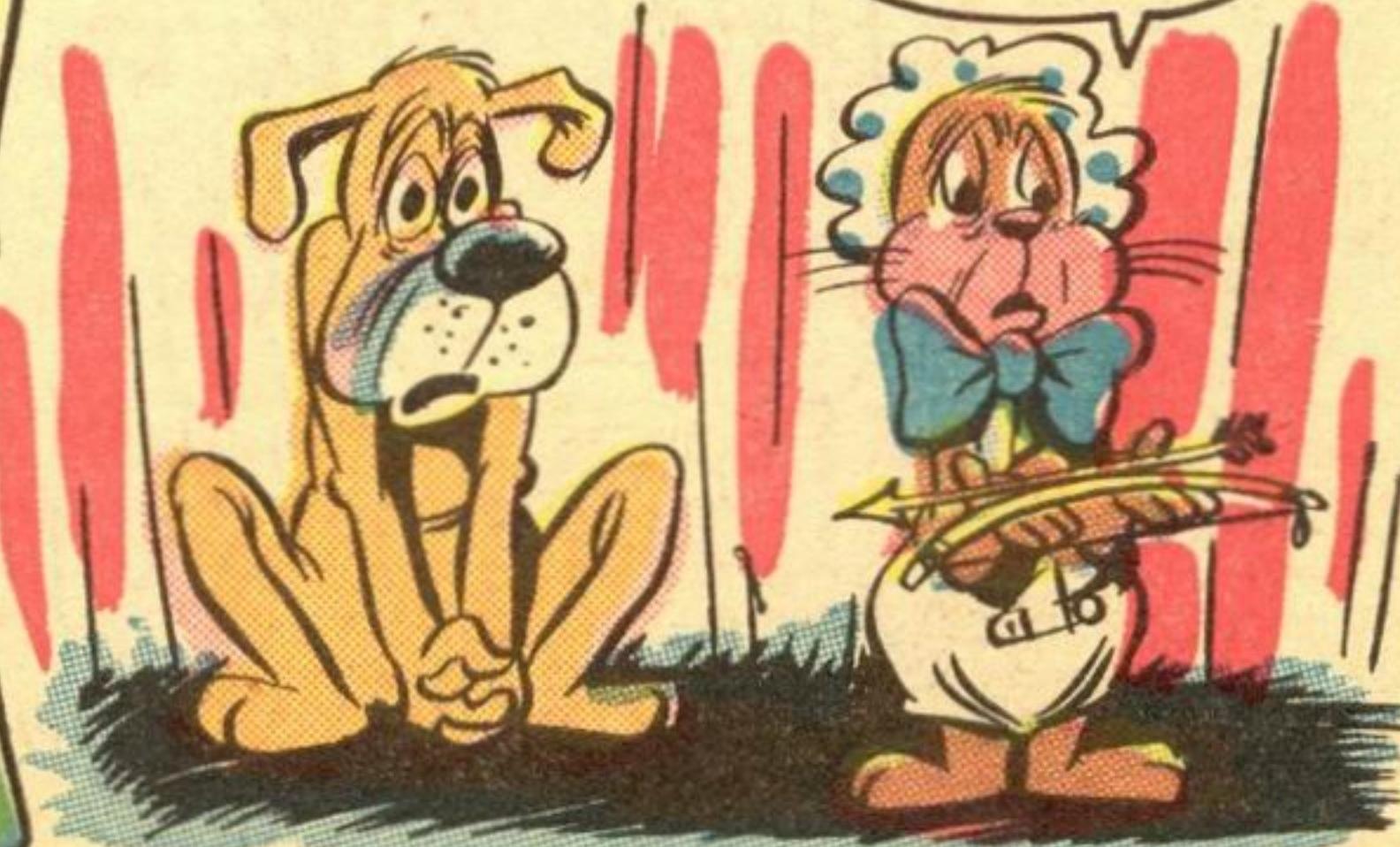


TCH-TCH!  
CARE THAT MUCH,  
DO YOU?

YES! OH, SUPE ---  
MUCH AS I ADMIRE  
YA -- I WISHES RIGHT  
NOW YOU WUZ  
DANNY KEWPID!

MAYBE I COULD  
BE A SUBSTITUTE,  
DEAR FRIEND!  
AH, IT'S A  
TERRIBLE SACRIFICE  
I'M ABOUT TO MAKE ---  
**BUT SHOW ME  
WHERE  
AGGIE IS!**

OH, SUPE, YA  
JUST DON'T **KNOW**  
WOT IT'S LIKE TA  
LOVE --AN' NOT HAVE  
DAT LOVE  
RETOINED!

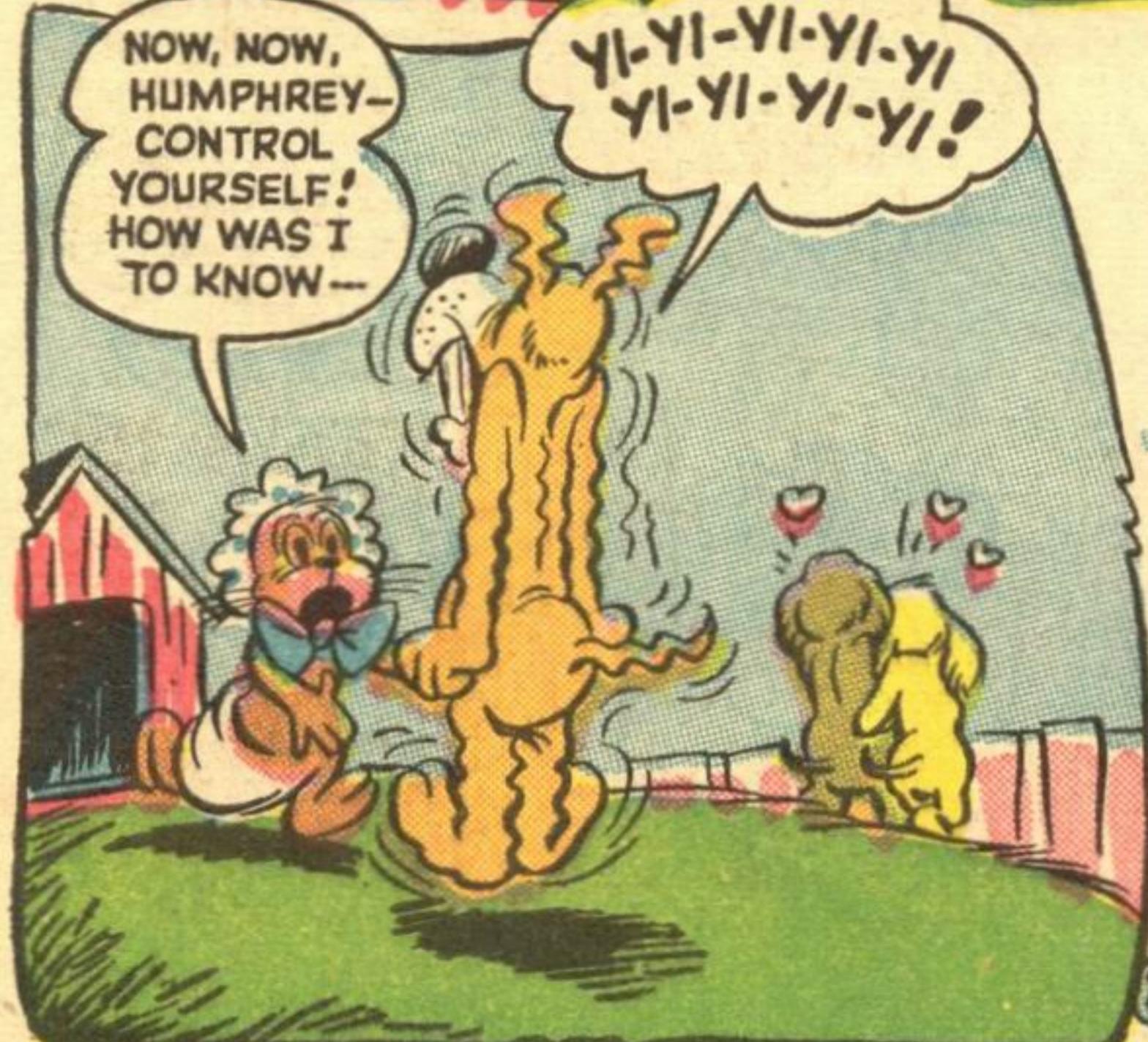
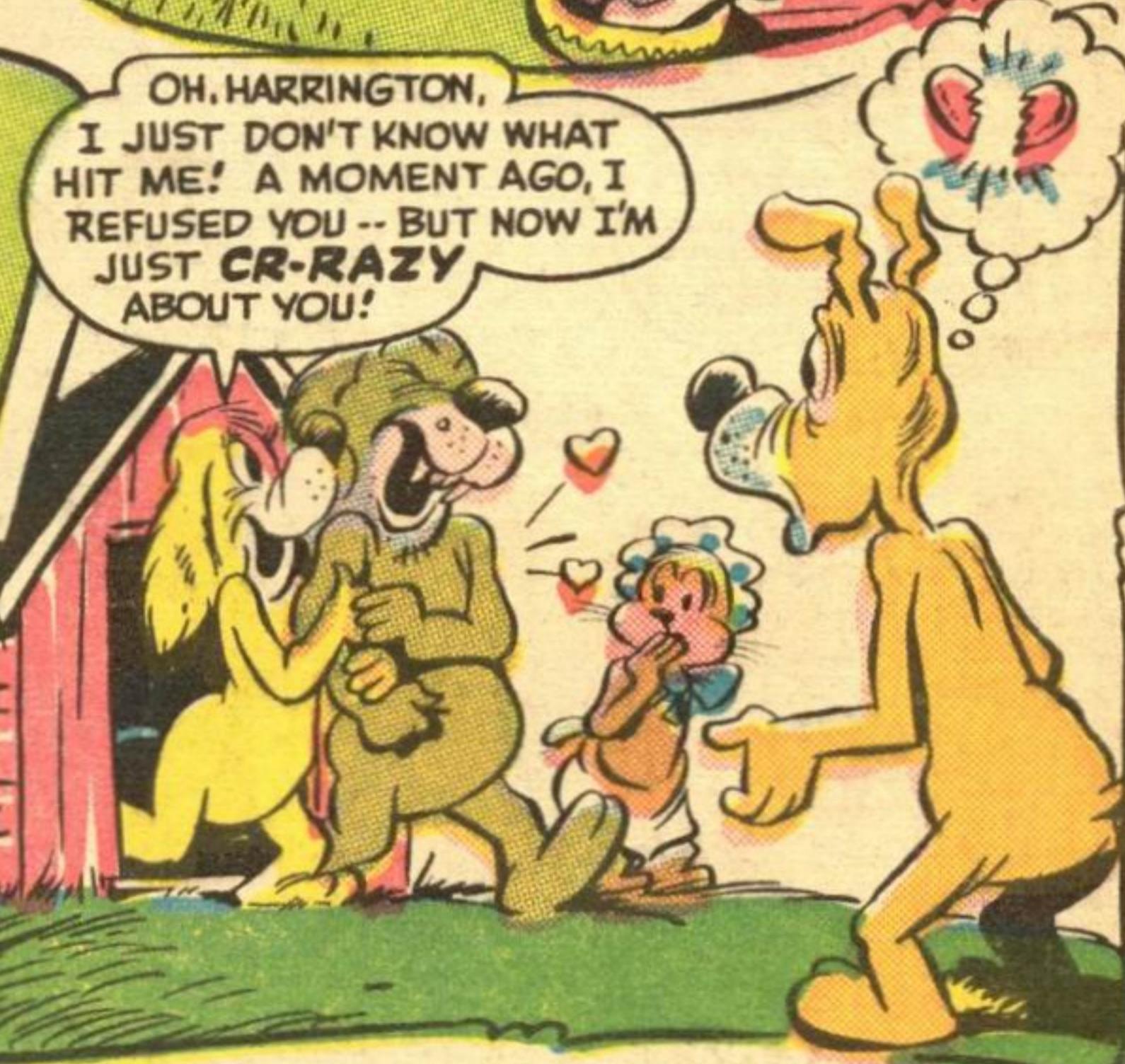
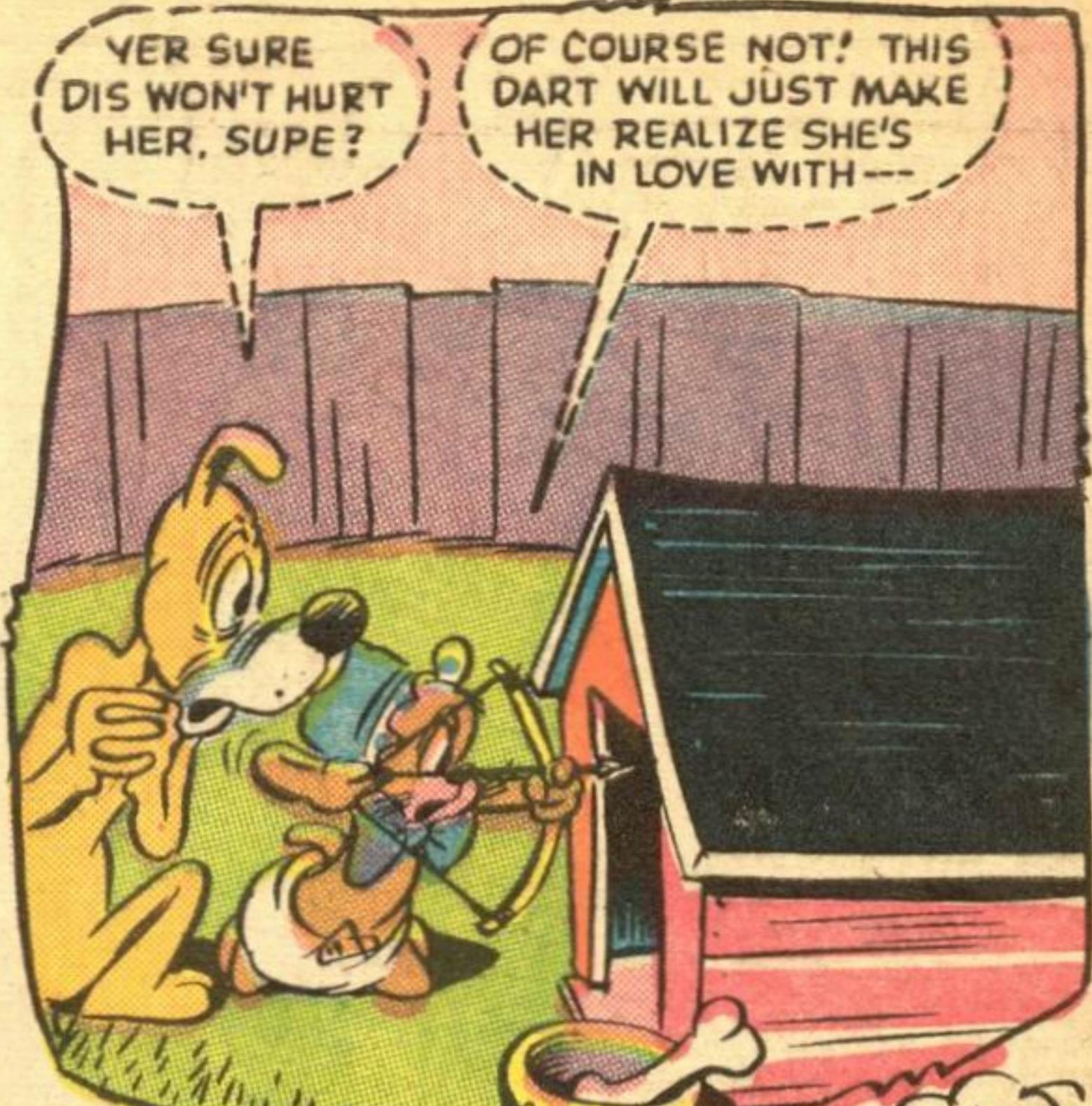
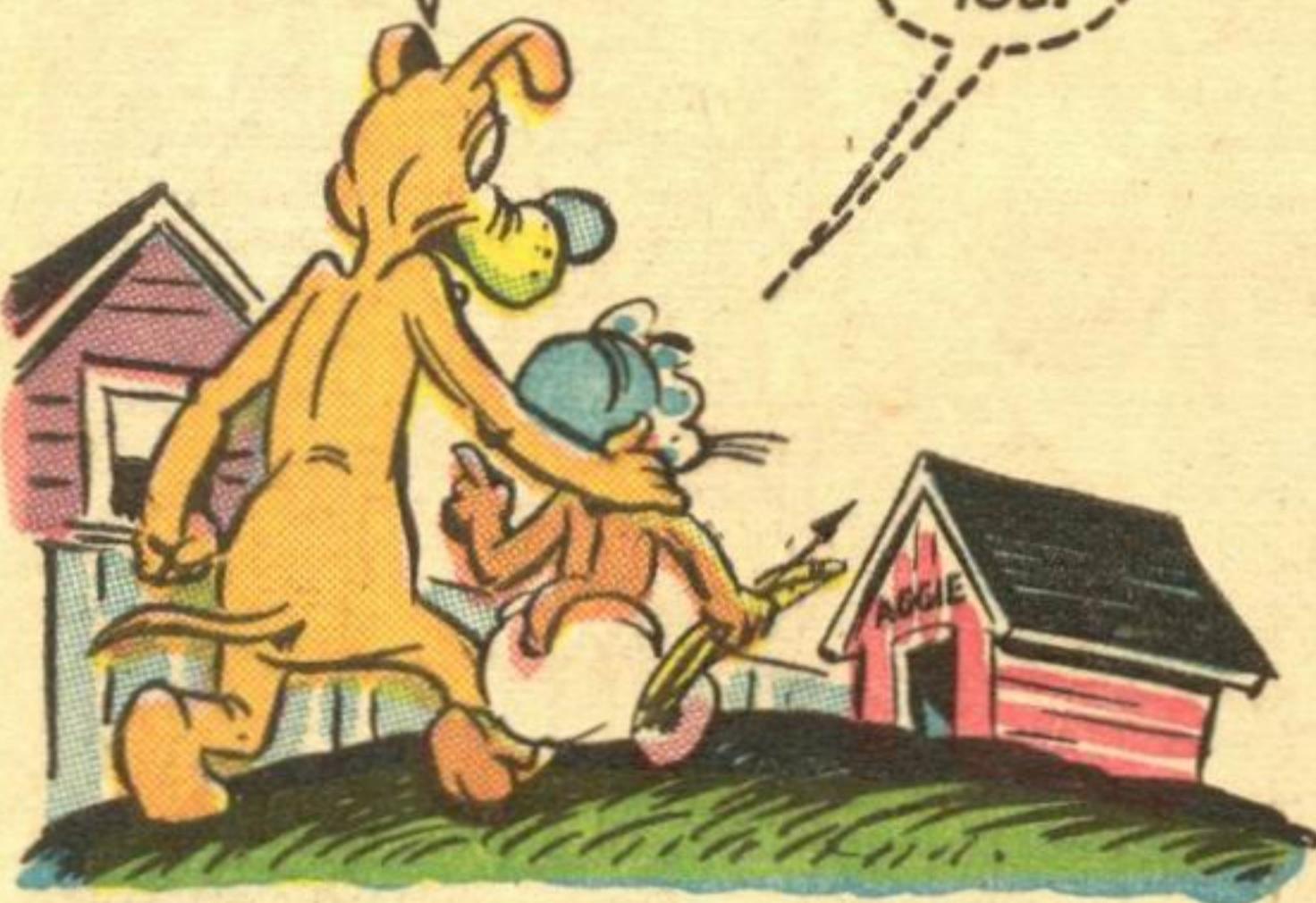


I DUNNO WOT YER  
GONNA DO --- BUT WHEN  
**SUPERKATT** SAYS HE  
KIN DO SUMP'N, I JUST  
RELAXES -- AN'  
WAITS!

QUIET,  
OR SHE'LL  
HEAR  
YOU!

YER SURE  
DIS WON'T HURT  
HER, SUPE?

OF COURSE NOT! THIS  
DART WILL JUST MAKE  
HER REALIZE SHE'S  
IN LOVE WITH--



OH, SUPE --- WOT  
HAVE I DONE? ME  
MIND WENT BLANK,  
AN'---OH ---

FORGET  
IT,  
HUMPHREY!

I SHOULD'A NEVER  
LET A DAME COME BETWEEN  
US --- I DON'T DESOIVE TA  
LIVE! FAREWELL, SUPE!  
FAREWELL, CROOL  
WOILD!

OH, GET  
DOWN OFF  
THERE AND  
STOP BEING  
A DOPE!

STILL HE  
MAKES WITH THE  
CORNY DRAMATICS!  
AREN'T THINGS BAD  
**ENOUGH?**

SO... **FIGHTING AGAIN!**  
AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE  
ABOVE SUCH SORDID  
THINGS!

**CORDELIA!**

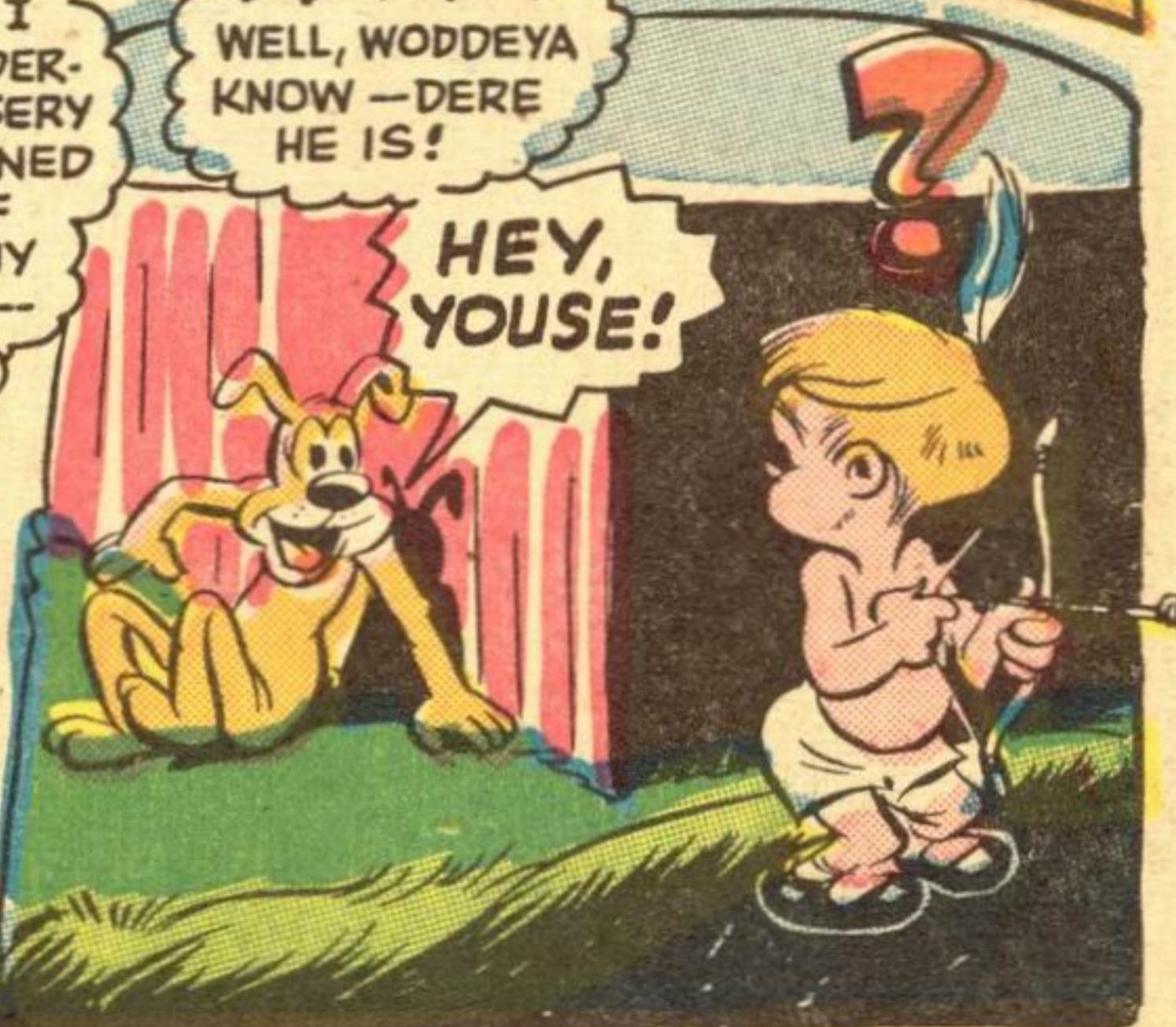
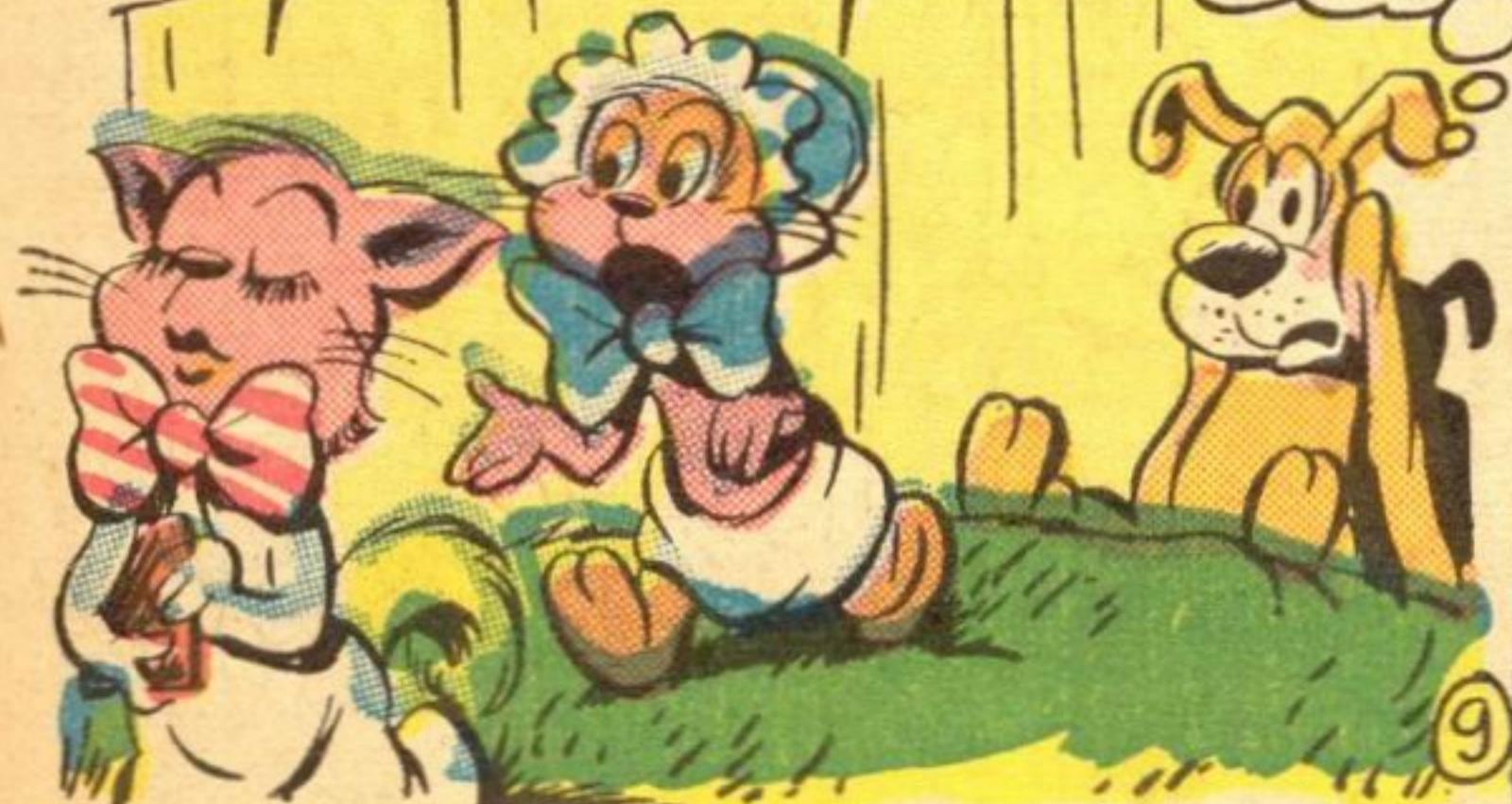
HUMPH! DON'T  
SPEAK TO ME,  
YOU -- YOU  
**ROUGHNECK!**

BUT  
CORDELIA--  
**PLEASE**  
LISTEN!

AH, DA POOR  
LI'L SQUOT! I  
KIN WELL UNDER-  
STAND HIS MISERY  
AT BEIN' SPOINED  
BY LOVE! IF  
ONLY DAT GUY  
KEWPID---

WELL, WODDEYA  
KNOW - DERE  
HE IS!

**HEY,**  
**YOUSE!**

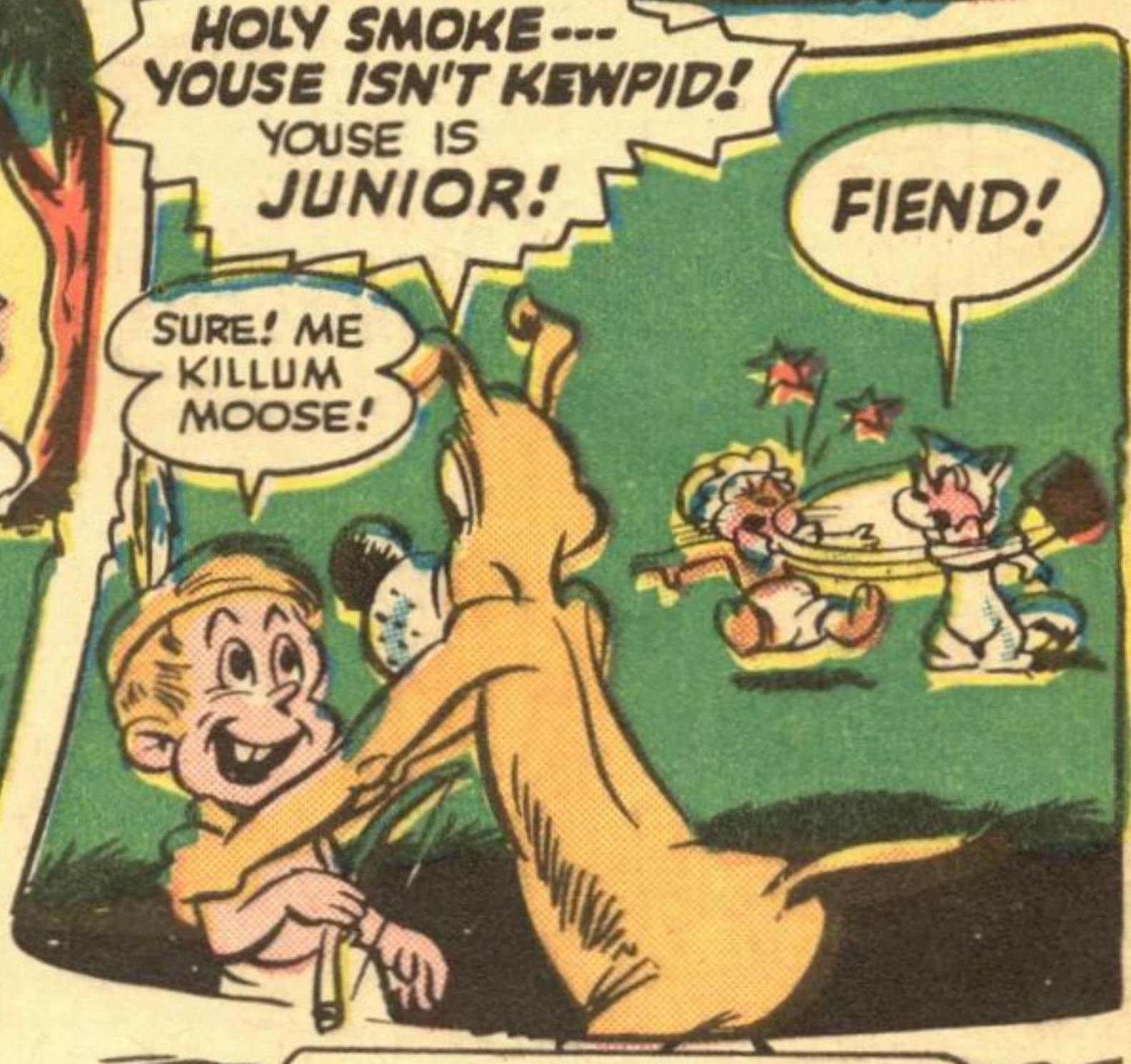
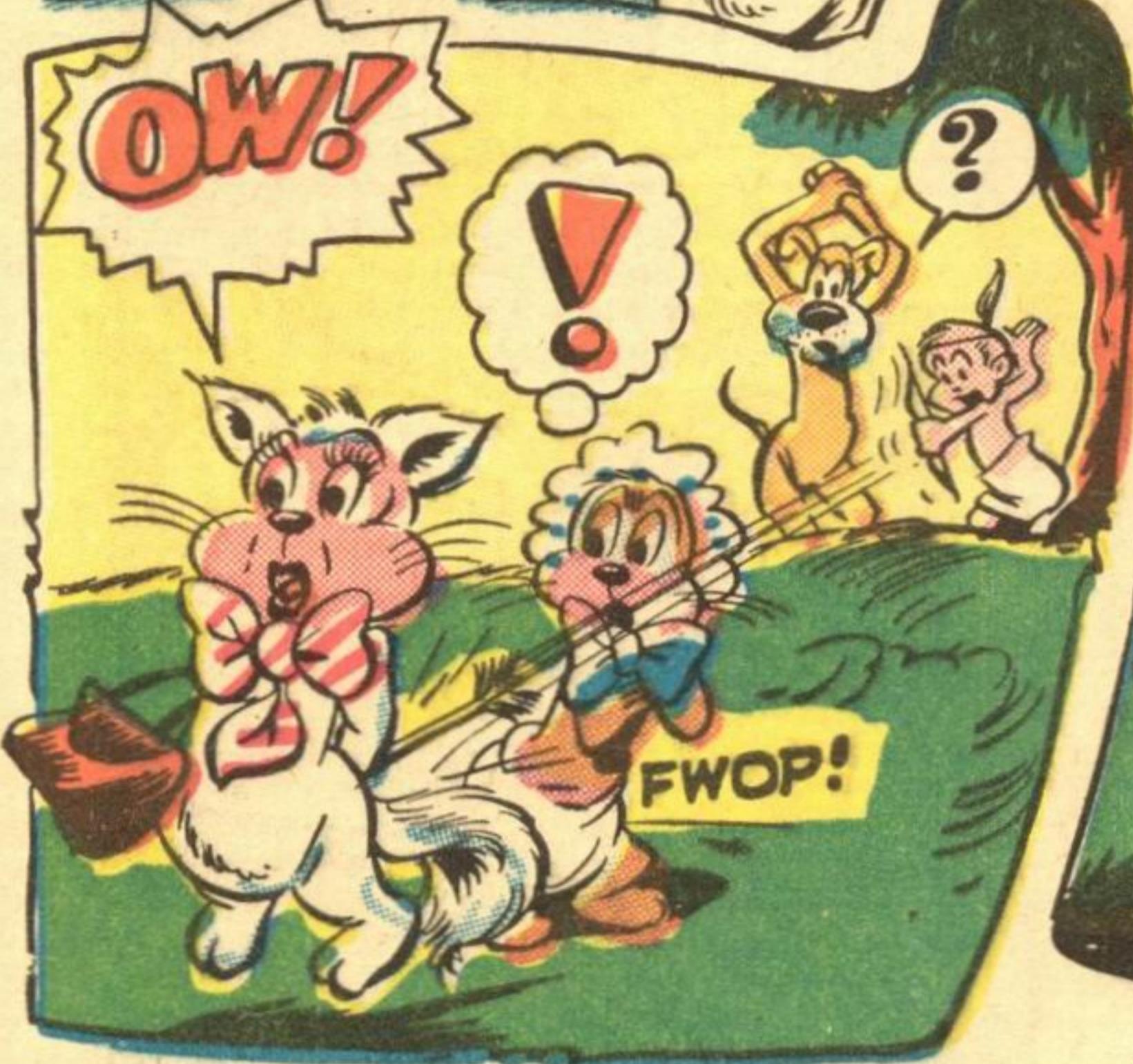
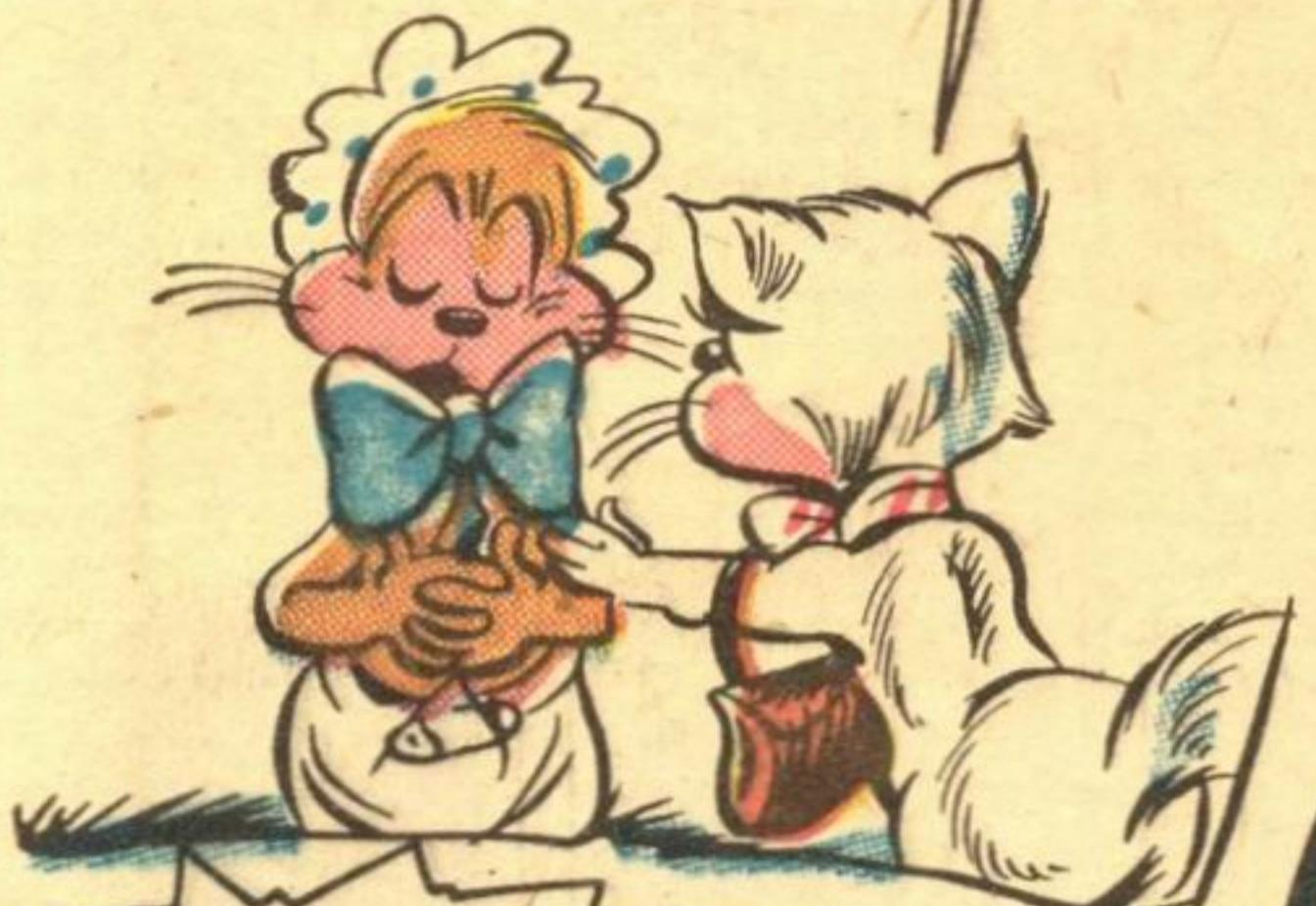


---AN' THAT'S  
THE WAY IT ALL  
HAPPENED ---  
**HONEST!**

OH, **SUPERKATT!**  
I'M **SO** SORRY I  
JUDGED YOU HASTILY!  
IF YOU'VE  
NOTHING  
TO DO...

-- JUST DROP  
AROUND TONIGHT!  
G'BYE, NOW!

GO AHEAD,  
KEWPIE! **MAKE**  
WITH AN  
**ARROW!**



# the DUKE and the DOPE

YOU FIND  
FIFTY CENTS  
AND YOU SPEND  
IT ON GAUZE  
.BANDAGE!

SURE! IT'S  
PATRIOTIC TO  
LEARN FIRST AID  
IN WAR TIME!

KEN  
HUGGREN

YOU SAP!  
THE WAR'S  
OVER!

IT IS?  
OH WELL,  
IT'LL BE FUN  
PLAYIN' WITH  
IT, ANYWAY!

I'M GONNA  
FIX ME A  
FIRST-CLASS  
BANDAGE!

AND TO  
THINK I COULD  
HAVE BOUGHT  
COFFEE AND  
SINKERS WITH  
THAT  
DOUGH!

HOW DO YOU  
LIKE MY JOB,  
DUKE?

YOU LOOK MORE  
LIKE A MUMMY THAN  
A VICTIM!

SURE! THEY USED  
TO WRAP THE OLD  
EGYPTIAN KINGS THAT  
WAY! TAKE IT OFF  
AND COME ALONG, PROBLEM  
CHILD!

MUMMY??

LOOK! THERE HE IS!!

IT'S LITTLE  
KING NEPOO!!

KEEP OUT OF THE  
WAY, MAC! THIS'S  
VALUABLE PROPERTY!

HUH? HEY,  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOIN'  
WITH  
HIM?

TAKE YER QUESTIONS  
TO PROFESSOR DINGLE  
AT THE MUSEUM! IT'S  
HIS MUMMY!

DOGGONE LITTLE  
GUY - HE ALWAYS  
GETS INTO THE  
DARNEST SITUATIONS!

WE FOUND YOUR  
STOLEN MUMMY,  
PROFESSOR!

AH-H! KING NEPOO  
HAS COME BACK TO ME  
AT LAST! PUT HIM  
BACK IN HIS COFFIN,  
BOYS - GENTLY!

STOP THIS  
NONSENSE!  
THAT'S NO  
MUMMY!

INDEED!  
CAN YOU  
PROVE THAT?

CERTAINLY! DOPE,  
TALK TO ME --  
TALK!

I'M NOT DOPE,  
I'M LITTLE KING NEPOO!

THERE! HOW CAN ANYONE DEAD-TALK?

THAT DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING!

THERE'S AN OLD LEGEND THAT KING NEPOO'S SPIRIT ENTERS HIS BODY AND SPEAKS! THIS SIMPLY PROVES IT!

LOOK, PROFESSOR,  
HAS A MUMMY  
A REFLEX ACTION?

OF COURSE NOT!

WELL THEN, OBSERVE,  
PROFESSOR!

THERE!

SATISFIED?

I'M AFRAID SO!

THE MUMMIES  
ARE RUNNIN' TODAY,  
PROFESSOR! WE  
FOUND ANOTHER  
ONE!

THERE'S YOUR  
REAL MUMMY!

PUT HIM ON  
THE FLOOR! I  
WANT TO TEST  
HIS REFLEXES!

BUT YOU  
ADMITTED THAT  
MUMMIES COULDN'T  
HAVE -

NEVERTHELESS,  
I'M CHECKING!

MM-N-HE  
HAS REFLEXES  
TOO!

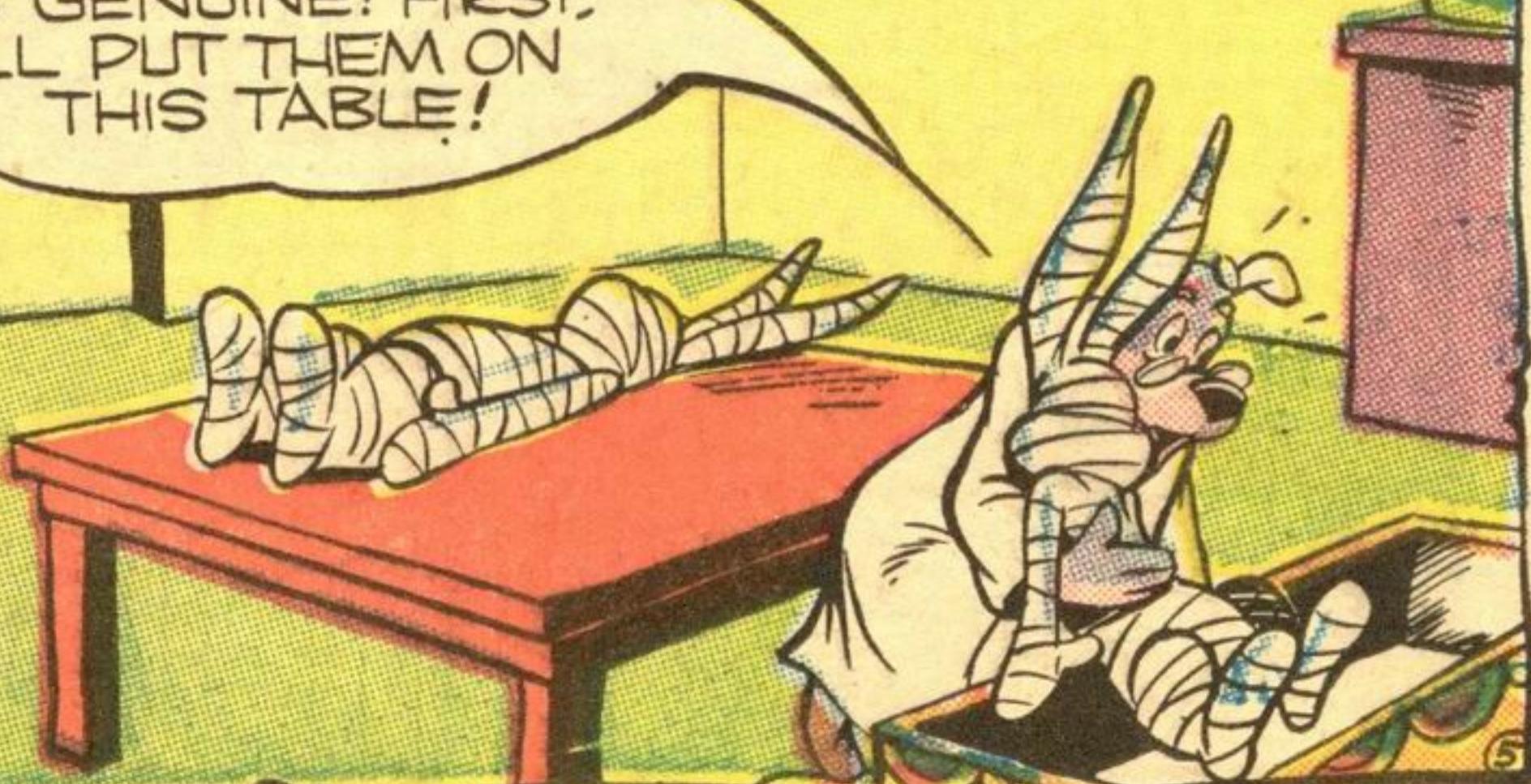
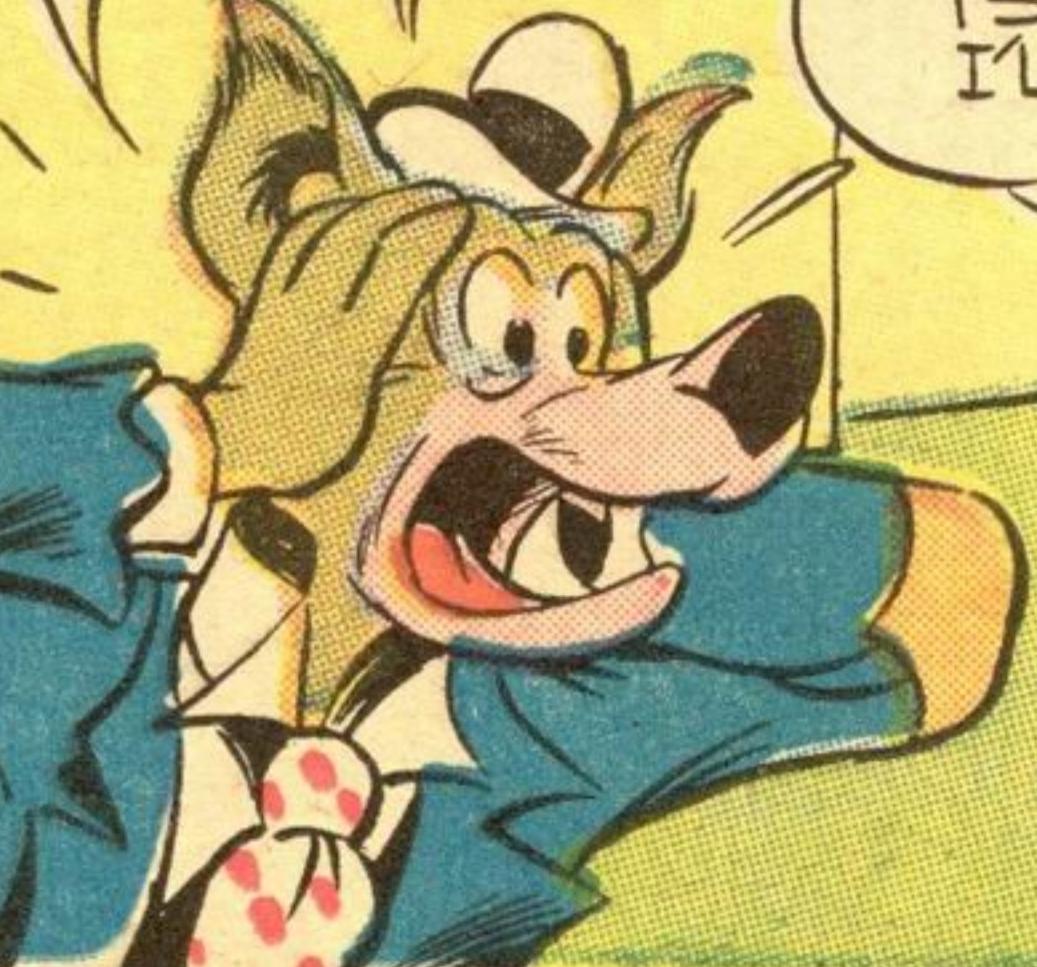
IT'S JUST NOT  
POSSIBLE! H-HE  
COULDN'T -

WELL, THERE'S  
ONE SURE WAY  
TO FIND OUT WHICH  
IS GENUINE! FIRST,  
I'LL PUT THEM ON  
THIS TABLE!

ON THE  
FLOOR  
BELOW.

CAREFUL WITH  
THAT STATUE!

BANG!



WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING  
TO DO ?

I'M FAMILIAR  
WITH THE OLD  
EMBALMING  
OF THE EGYPTIANS,  
AND I CAN TEST  
TO SEE WHETHER  
A MUMMY IS  
GENUINE OR NOT!

I FIRST  
PLUNGE TH'  
NEEDLE THROUGH  
THE MUMMY!

**No! No!**  
THAT'S DOPE  
ON THAT  
SIDE !!

THERE ! THE  
NEEDLE GOES  
RIGHT THROUGH  
TO THE TABLE !

**OH-H!**

HERE,  
DRINK THIS !

HI ! I SURE  
FOOLED YOU  
THAT TIME !

WHEN YOUR BACKS  
WERE TURNED, I  
TRICKED YOU BY  
GETTIN' ON THE  
OTHER SIDE OF  
THE REAL  
MUMMY !



NOW WHY THE HECK DID YOU PLAY THAT SILLY MUMMY GAME?

IT WUZ FUN!

WELL, WE'LL HAVE NO MORE OF IT! DON'T YOU DARE EVEN MENTION THE WORD "MUMMY" AGAIN!

MUMMY, MUMMY,  
MUMMY, MUMMY,  
MUMMY, MUMMY,  
MUMMY!

YOU ASKED FOR IT!!

MUMMY, MUMMY,  
OH MUMMY, WHY  
DID THAT MANS HIT  
THAT LITTLE  
MANS? HUH,  
MUMMY?

PLEASE, DOPE!  
PLEASE FORGIVE  
ME!

NOPE!

The  
end

# The DESPERADOES

YOUNG ELMO MONK was badly frightened. It wasn't the dark cave so much, although *that* was bad enough. It was . . . the voice! Elmo had run into the cave to get out of the rain, never dreaming he would overhear such dreadful and dire plotting!

"It's a cinch, I tell ya!" one of the voices spoke harshly.

"Yeah," said the other voice gruffly, "it's wide open. All we do is shoot up the town a little bit an' walk out with the safety vault! Hick banks . . . haw!"

Elmo cowered in a dark corner of the cave, hoping and praying he wouldn't be seen. By craning his neck and straining his eyes, he could see two huge forms looming in the shadows.

"Gosh, they look tough!" Elmo said to himself nervously. "A couple gorillas, that's what they are!"

Again, one of the voices spoke. "If anybody gits killed . . . that's their tough luck!"

"Yeah," the other voice agreed.

Then both voices laughed loudly, until the cave echoed and reechoed with the cruel sound.



"Oh, no!" Elmo thought. "They . . . they *mustn't*! They've gotta be *stopped*! But who . . . who . . . ?" The little monk looked around wildly, but he knew it was of no use. There was no one except . . . *himself*!

"But I'm so *little*!" Elmo argued with himself. "What could *I* do with two great big gorillas? They'd kill me! But I gotta do *somethin'*! Can't let 'em get away like this. But what? *What?*"

Elmo looked wildly around the cave, but it was no use. There was no one to help and there were certainly no weapons to use.

Suddenly, Elmo made a decision. "Guess I'm only one small fella," he thought, "but I've gotta do everything I can to stop these desperadoes. The only thing in this cave is . . . hey! I've got it!"

Clearing his throat as noiselessly as possible, Elmo opened his mouth. "All right, you two crooks!" he boomed, as deeply as he could manage.

The echo in the cave picked up Elmo's voice and magnified it until it sounded as though a posse were shouting.

"All right, you two!"

"All right, you two!"

"Let's have your weapons!" commanded Elmo, and again his voice resounded hollowly through the cave, with echo after echo picking it up.

"We . . . we're surrounded!" one of the gorillas said. "I'm givin' up!" He threw his gun in the direction of Elmo's voice. So did the other gorilla.

Twenty minutes later, two unhappy-looking gorillas were marched down to the town jail . . . with Elmo, and two guns, bringing up the rear!

Later, at a party in Elmo's honor, the little monk explained to his grateful townsfolk, "All that cave had was an echo . . . AND I SURE MADE USE OF THAT!"

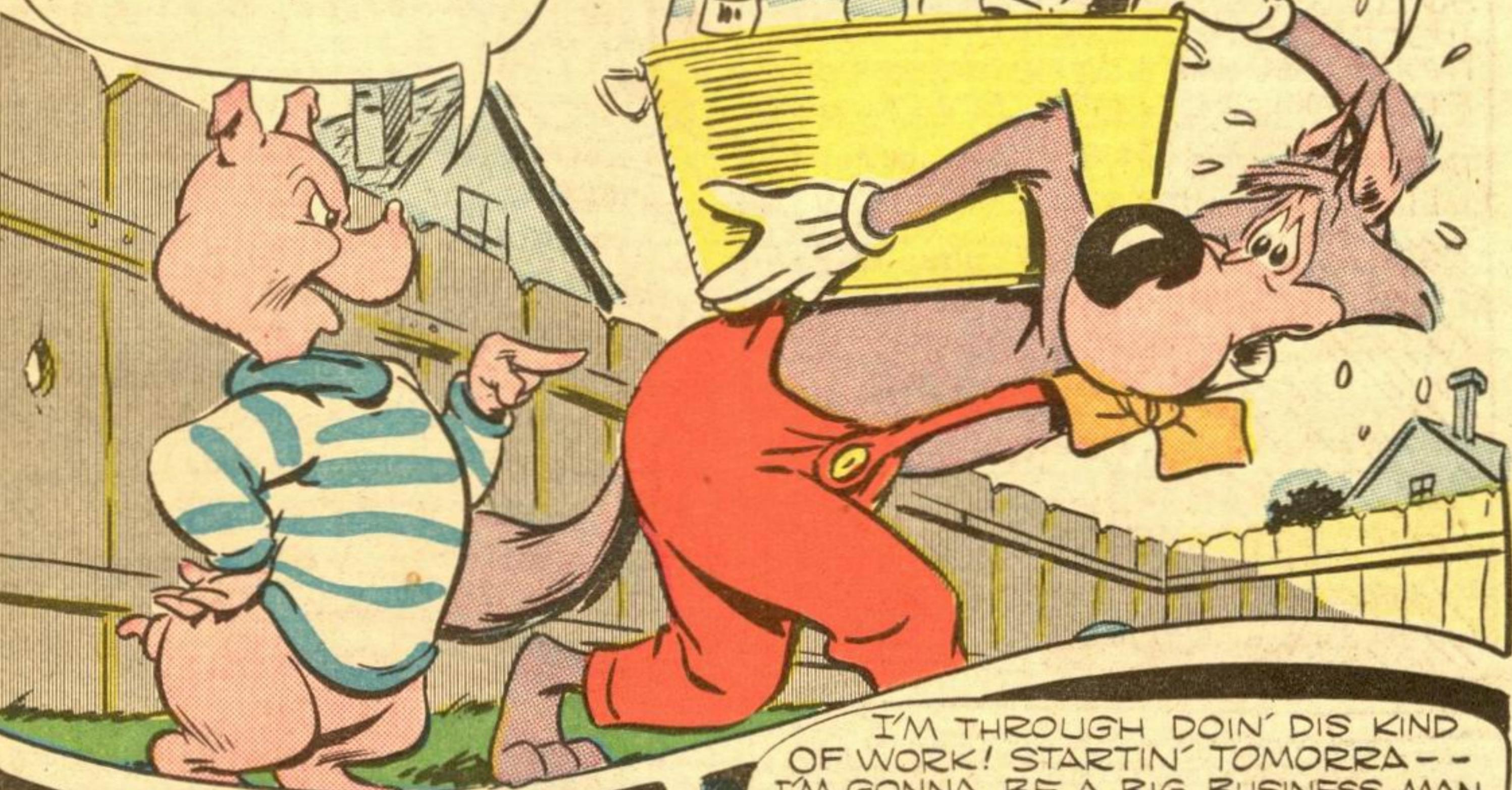
# WACKY WOLF

DRAWN BY  
BOBWOK

STORY  
BY  
H.R. KARP

WHEN YOU GET ALL  
THOSE TIN CANS  
CARRIED OUT, I'LL  
PAY YOU, WACKY!

OKAY,  
PUFF!  
PUFF!



HERE YOU  
ARE! TEN  
CENTS FOR  
TEN HOURS  
WORK!

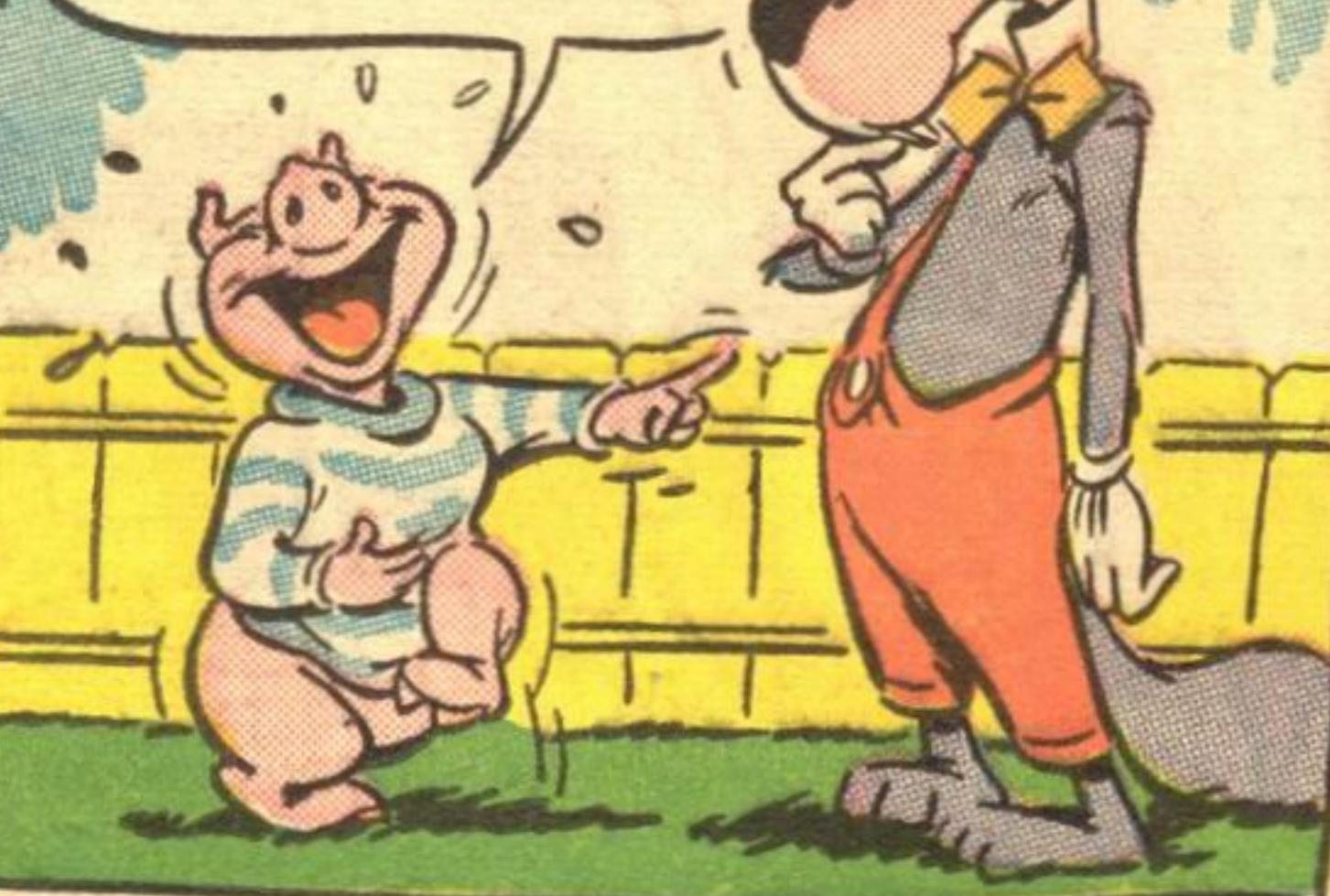
WHAT? TEN CENTS  
FOR ALL DAT WORK?  
DAT SETTLES IT!

I'M THROUGH DOIN' DIS KIND  
OF WORK! STARTIN' TOMORRA--  
I'M GONNA BE A BIG BUSINESS MAN  
LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE! NO MORE  
WORKIN' FOR PENNIES FOR DIS  
WOLF!

WHAT!

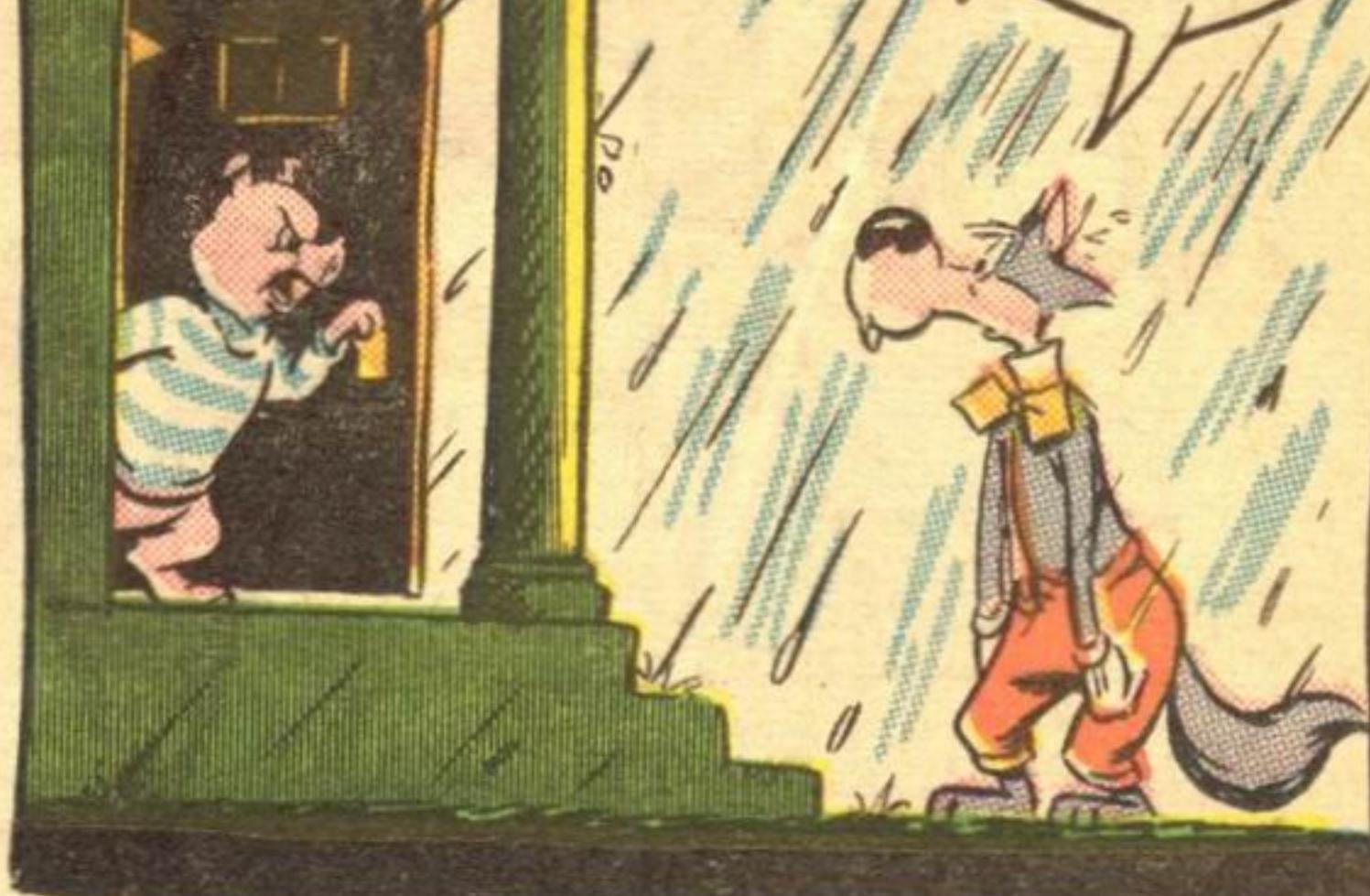


YOU A BIG BUSINESS MAN  
MAKING MILLIONS? HAW-HO-  
HO-HO! WHO YOU KIDDING?  
YOU HAVE TO BE SMART, WELL  
EDUCATED TO DO  
THAT! AND YOU,  
YOU'RE ---YOU'RE



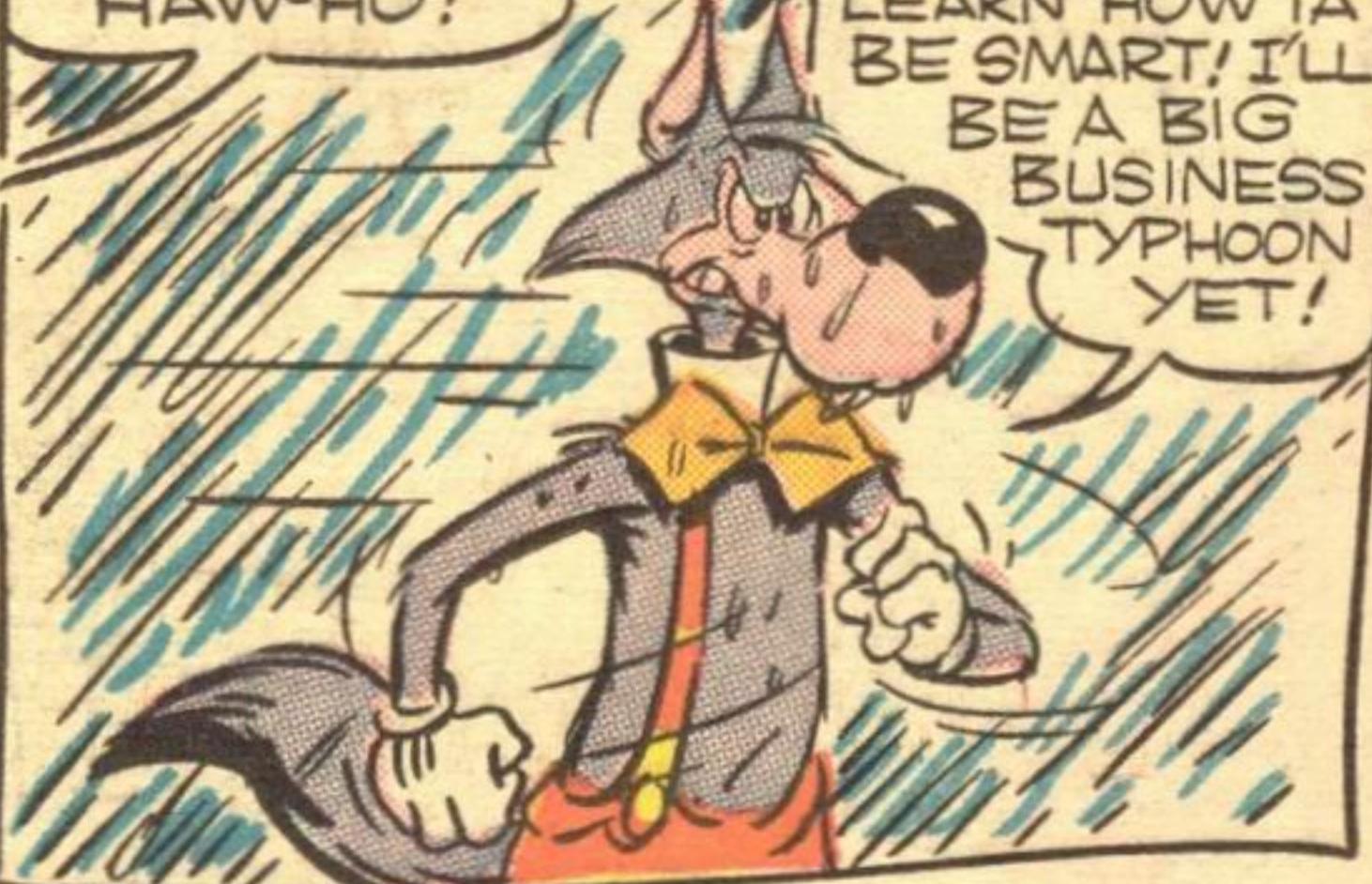
--SO DUMB YOU  
DON'T HAVE SENSE  
ENOUGH TO COME  
IN OUT OF THE  
RAIN!

I DO SO!  
YOU'RE JUST  
SAYIN' DAT  
'CAUSE IT'S  
TRUE!



SO LONG, WACKY, AND  
JUST IN CASE YOU HAVE  
TROUBLE MAKIN' THAT  
FIRST MILLION, COME  
BACK TOMORROW AND  
TAKE MY ASHES OUT!  
HAW-HO!

T'INKS HE'S  
SMART! WELL, I  
CAN GET EDICA-  
TED! I'LL GET  
BOOKS FROM DA  
LIBRARY AND  
LEARN HOW TA  
BE SMART! I'LL  
BE A BIG  
BUSINESS  
TYPHOON  
YET!



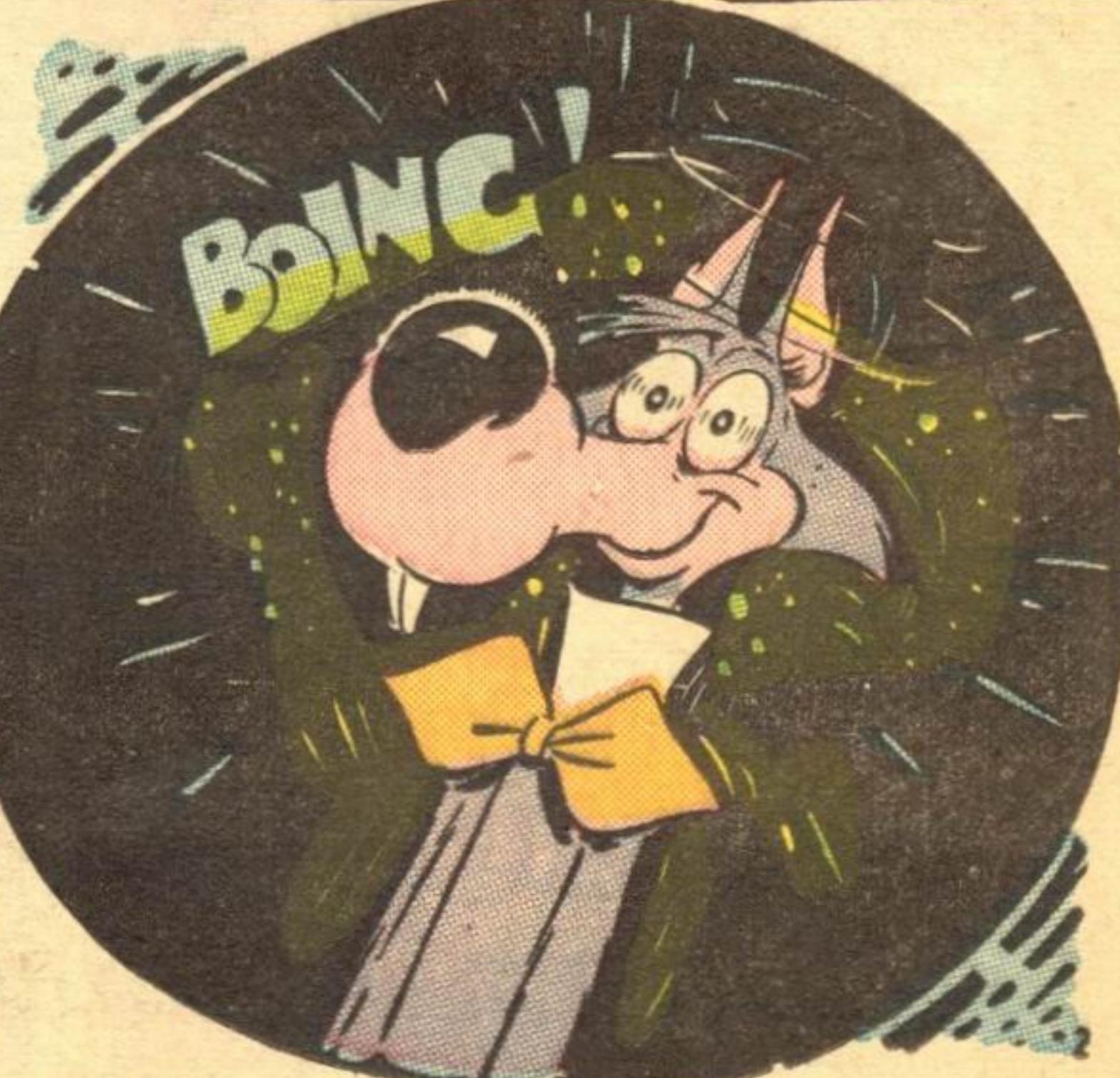
I'M AFRAID DIS IS GONNA  
BE A LONG PROCESS!  
SAY, WHAT'S DIS--!!  
WOW! HERE'S DA ANSWER!  
I'LL HYPNOTIZE MESELF!



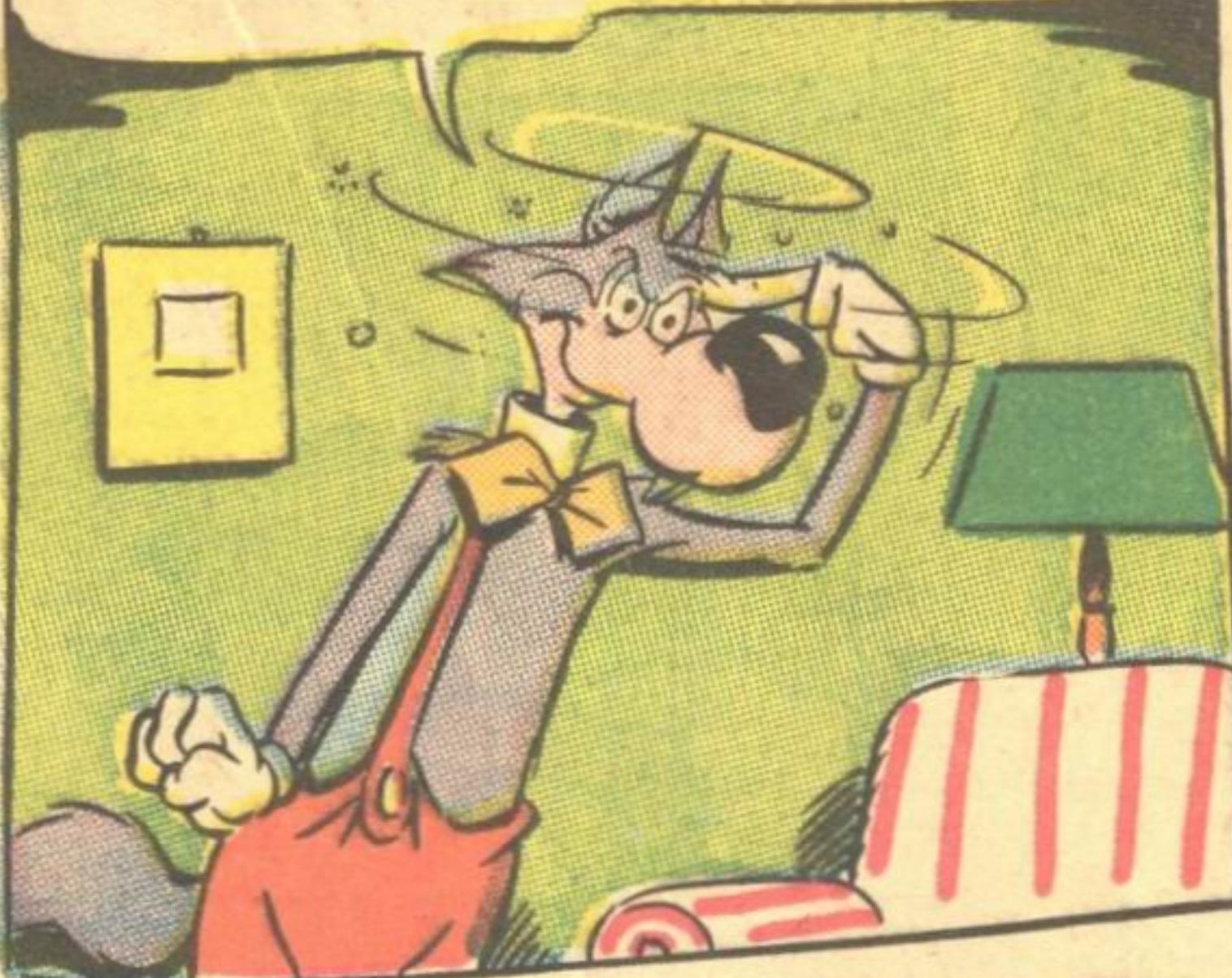
WACKY WOLF, YOUSE IS DA  
GREATEST GENIUS, INVENTOR,  
SCIENTIST AND BIG BUSINESS  
MAN IN DA WORLD! YOU  
CAN GET MILLION DOLLAR  
IDEAS BY DA DOZEN!



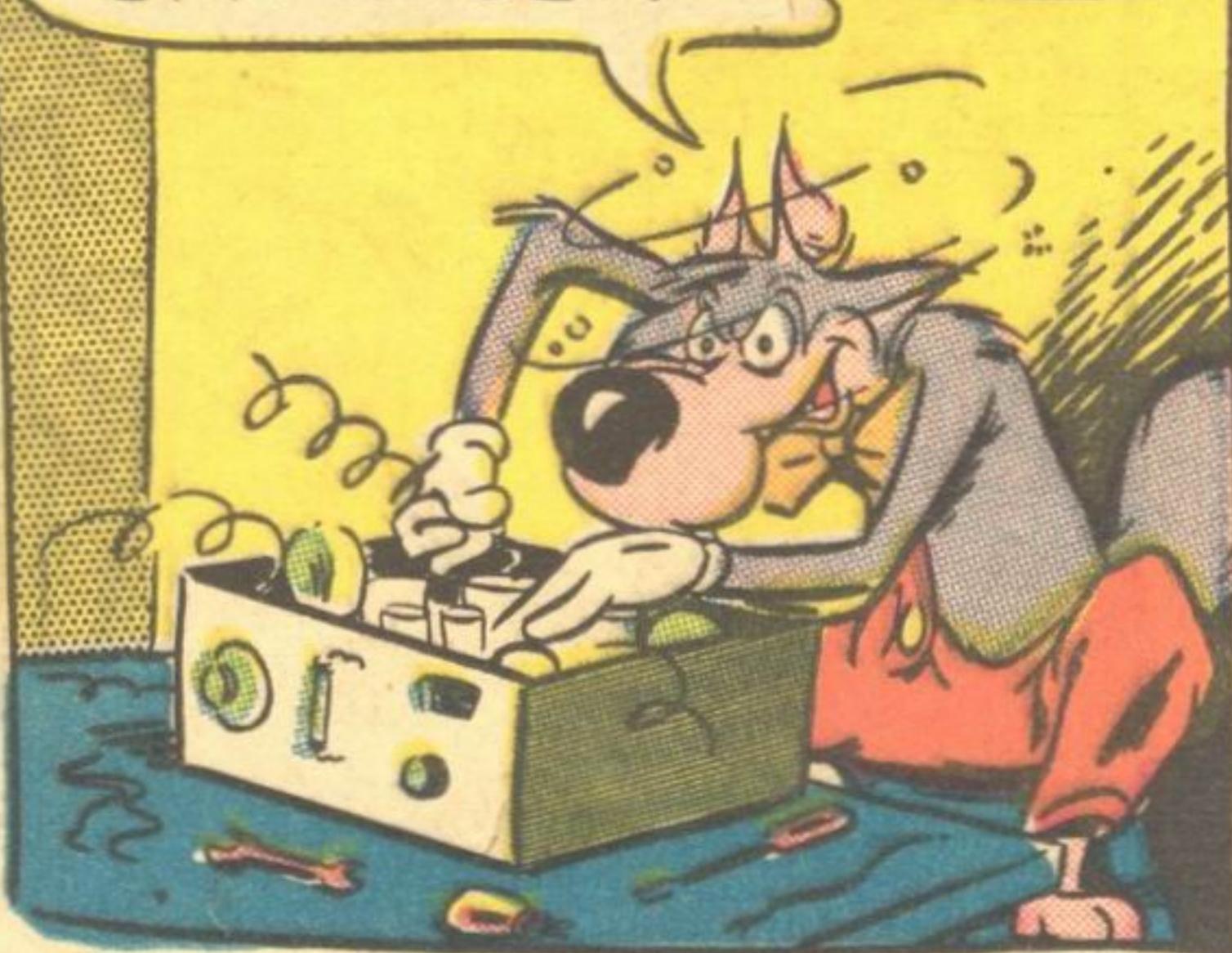
BOING!



I, J. WACKYTON WOLFE, MUST GET A MILLION DOLLAR IDEA IMMEDIATELY! AH, I'VE GOT IT-- HOW SIMPLE IT ALL IS!



FIRST, A FEW MINUTES SPENT ARRANGIN' SOME WIRES AND TUBES IN DIS BOX-- DERE-- I'M ALL SET!



THERE'S A SCREW BALL OUTSIDE, SIR, SAYS HE HAS A MILLION DOLLAR IDEA!

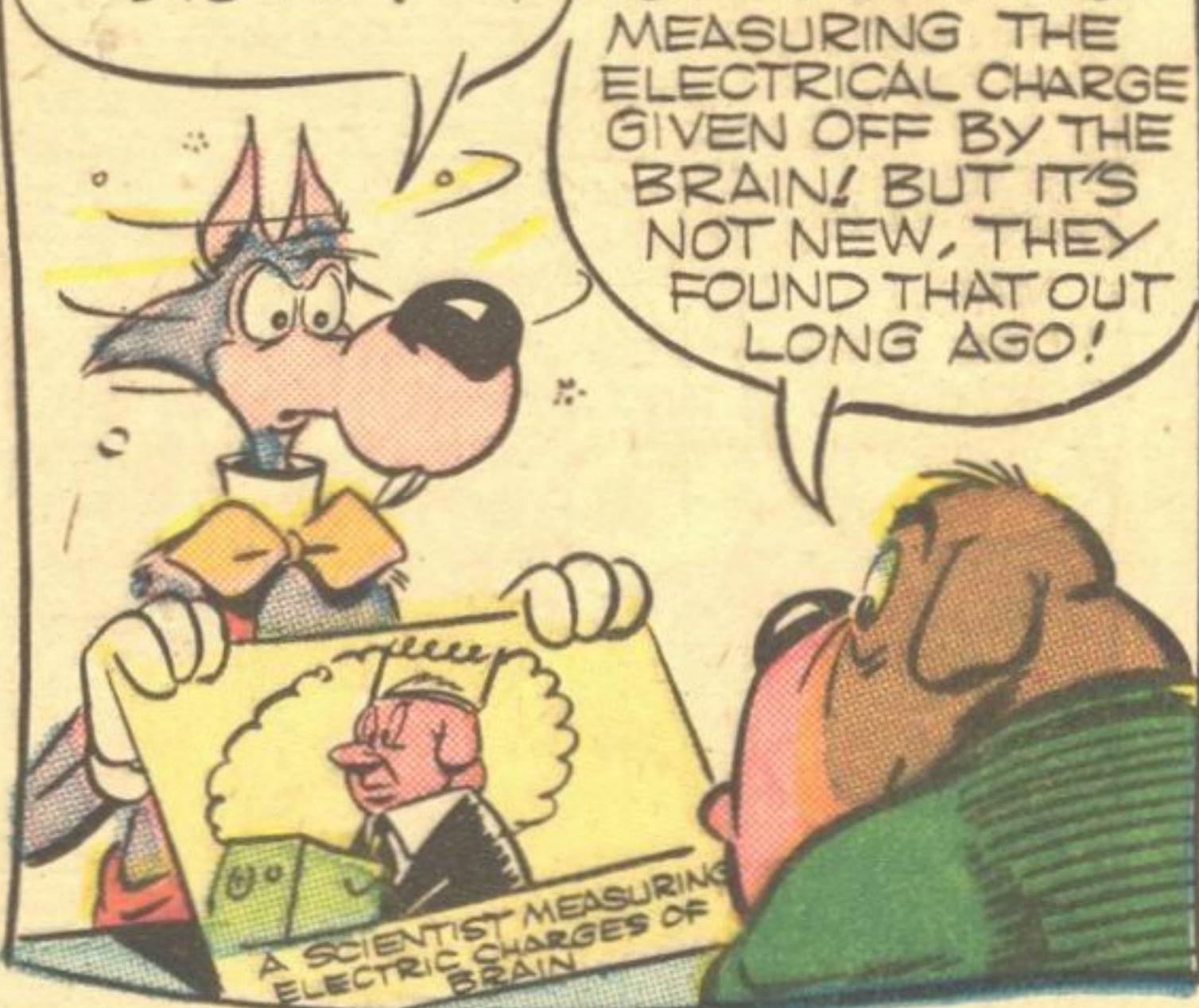
MIHT AS WELL LET HIM IN, HE MIHT CAUSE A DISTURBANCE IF YOU START TO THROW HIM OUT!

CAPTAIN ELECTRIC CO.



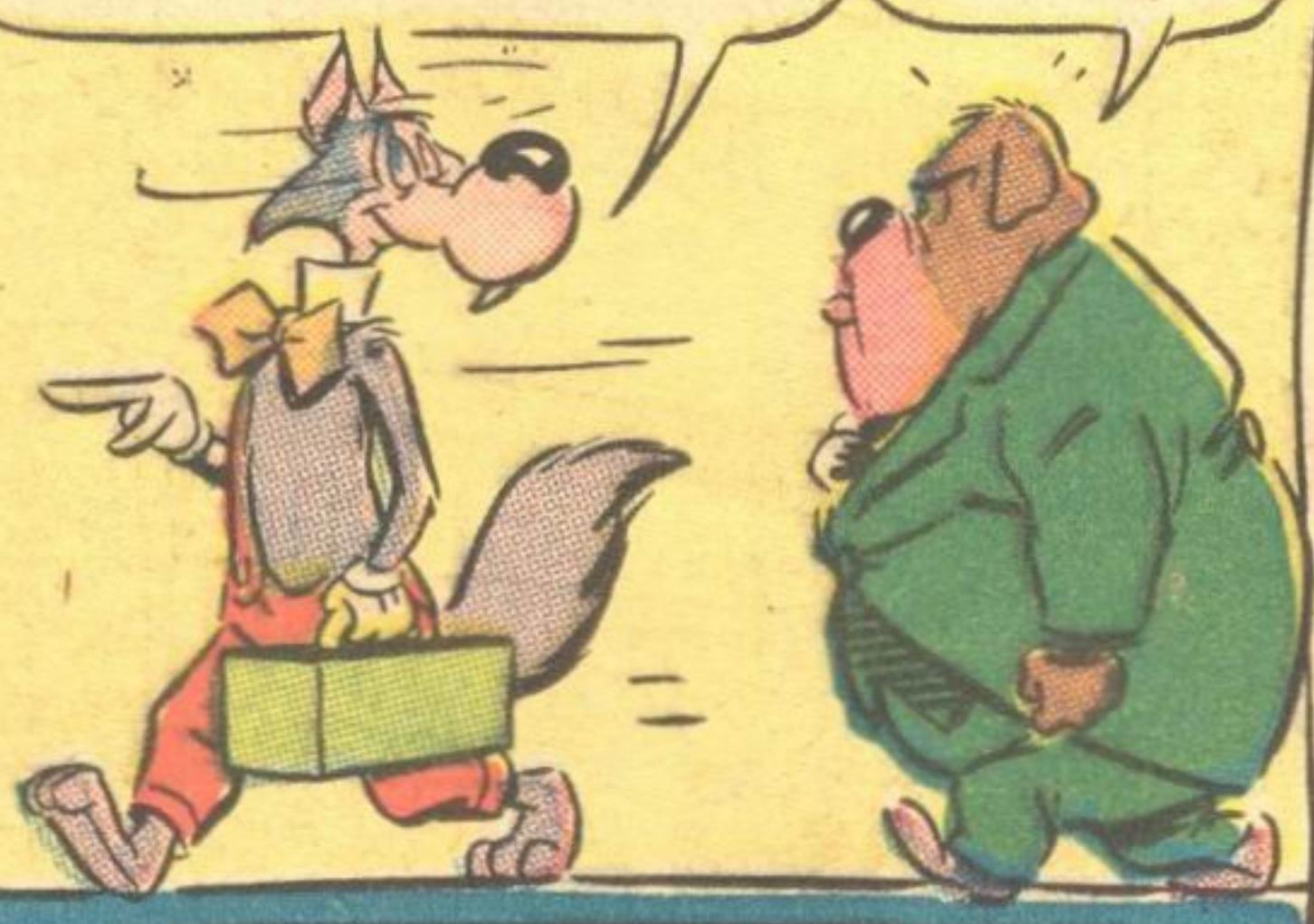
MR. WATT, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY DIS IS?

WHY, OBVIOUSLY, IT'S A PHOTOGRAPH OF A SCIENTIST MEASURING THE ELECTRICAL CHARGE GIVEN OFF BY THE BRAINS! BUT IT'S NOT NEW, THEY FOUND THAT OUT LONG AGO!

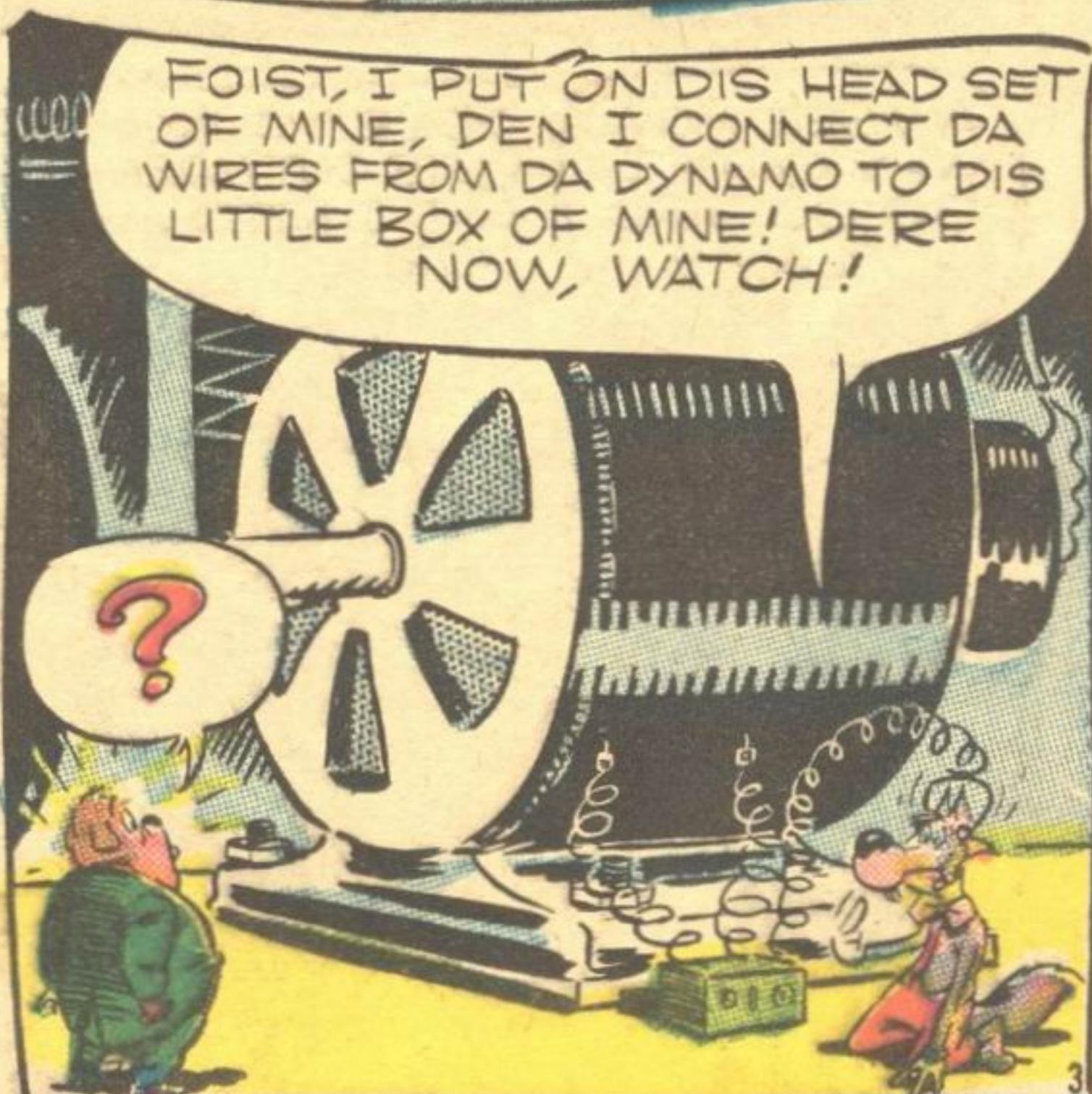


CORRECT, BUT DEY DIDN'T DO ANYTING ABOUT IT! I HAVE! NOW, IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME TO DA CITY POWER AND LIGHT CO., I'LL SHOW YA SOMETHIN!

VERY WELL, BUT YOU BETTER NOT BE WASTING MY TIME!



FOIST, I PUT ON DIS HEAD SET OF MINE, DEN I CONNECT DA WIRES FROM DA DYNAMO TO DIS LITTLE BOX OF MINE! DERE NOW, WATCH!

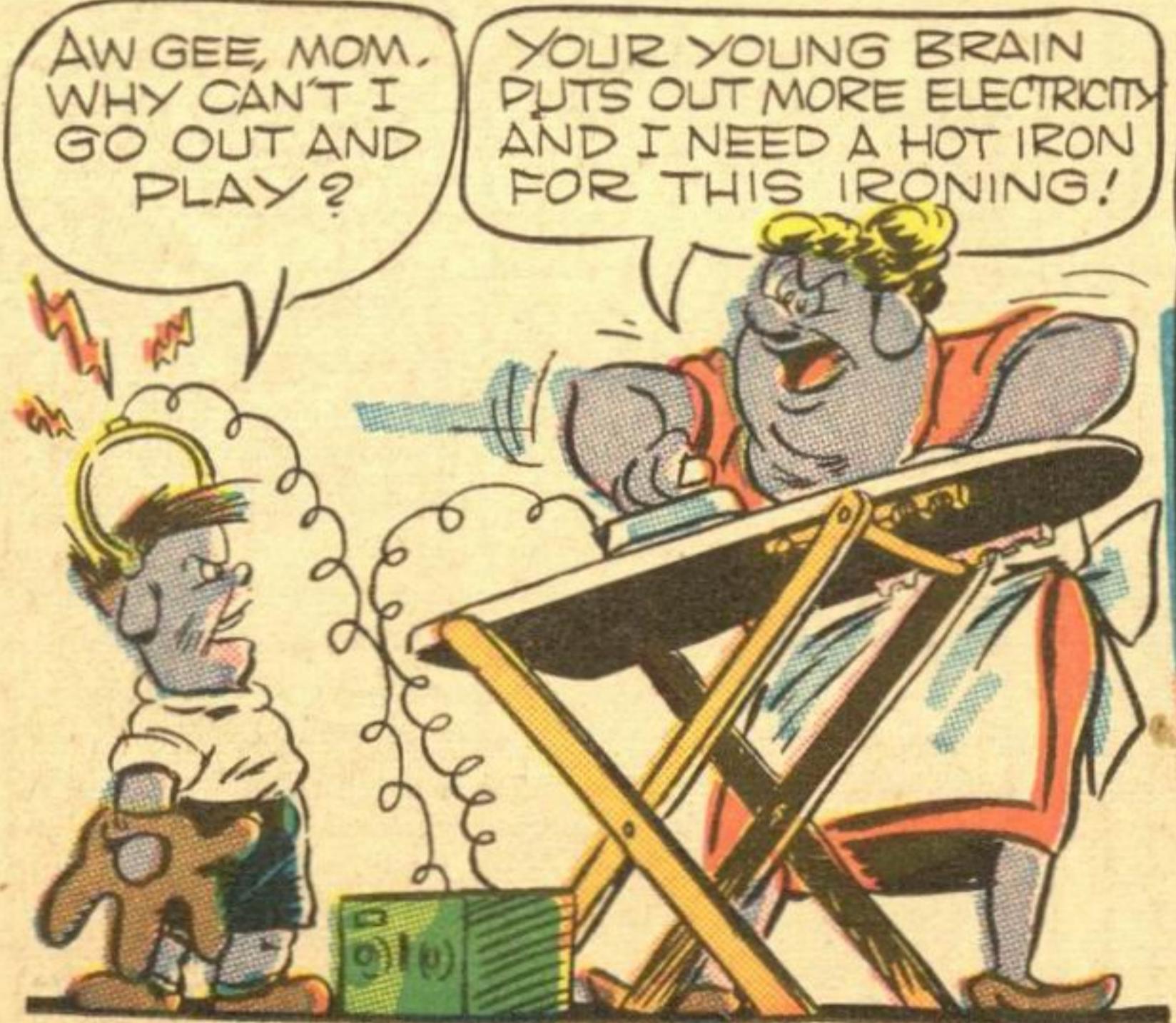


**WHIRR  
WOOSH**

YE GADS! YOU'RE  
RUNNING THAT DYNAMO  
WITH THE ELECTRIC  
POWER FROM YOUR  
BRAIN!

DAT'S  
RIGHT!

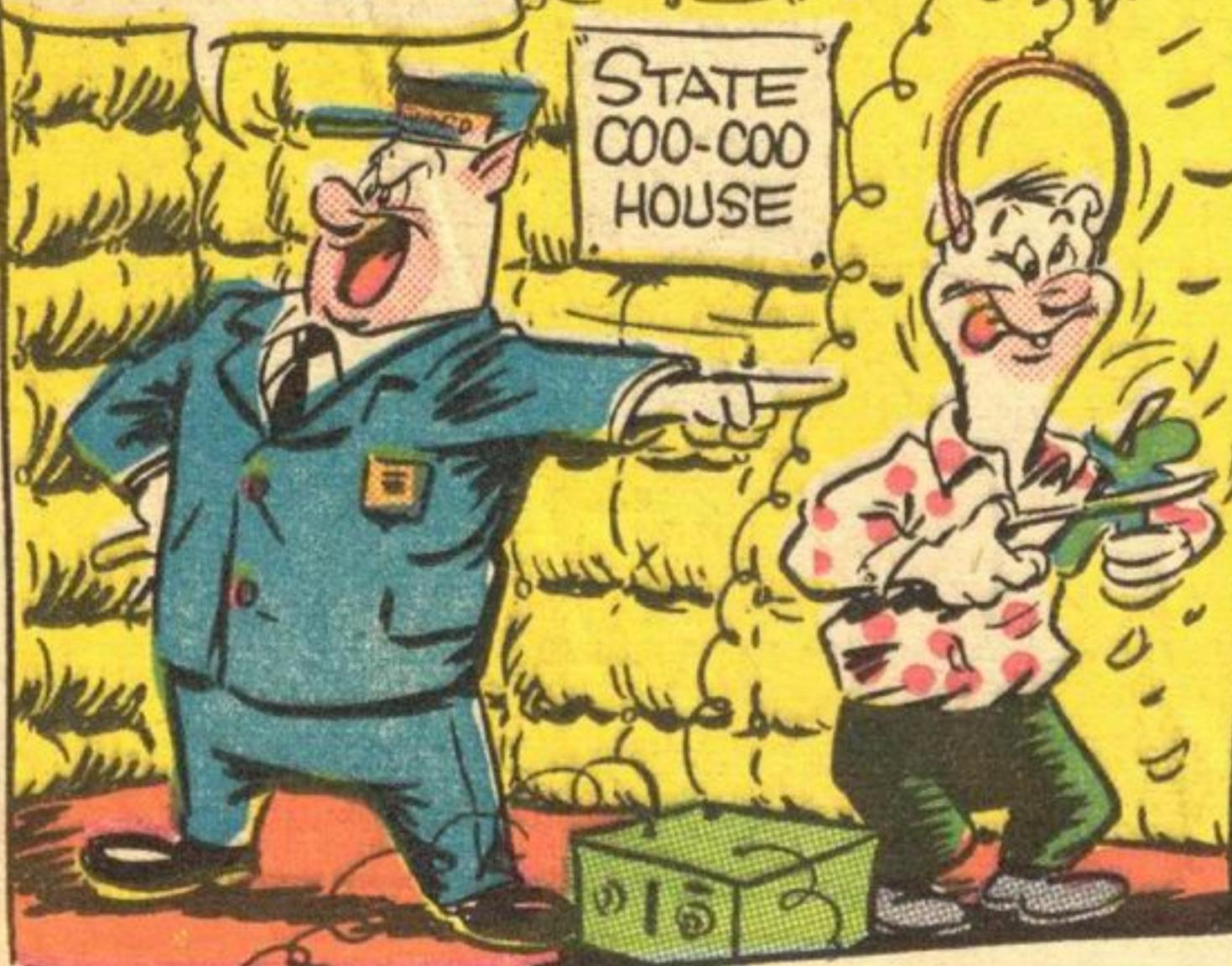
EXTRA! J. WACKYTON WOLFE  
BECOMES MILLIONAIRE OVERNIGHT  
WITH INVENTION OF HUMAN BRAIN  
ELECTRIC POWER AND LIGHT  
MACHINE! EXTRA!



WHO LET THIS PATIENT HAVE THIS MACHINE? HE'S CAUSED A SHORT CIRCUIT IN THE WHOLE BUILDING!

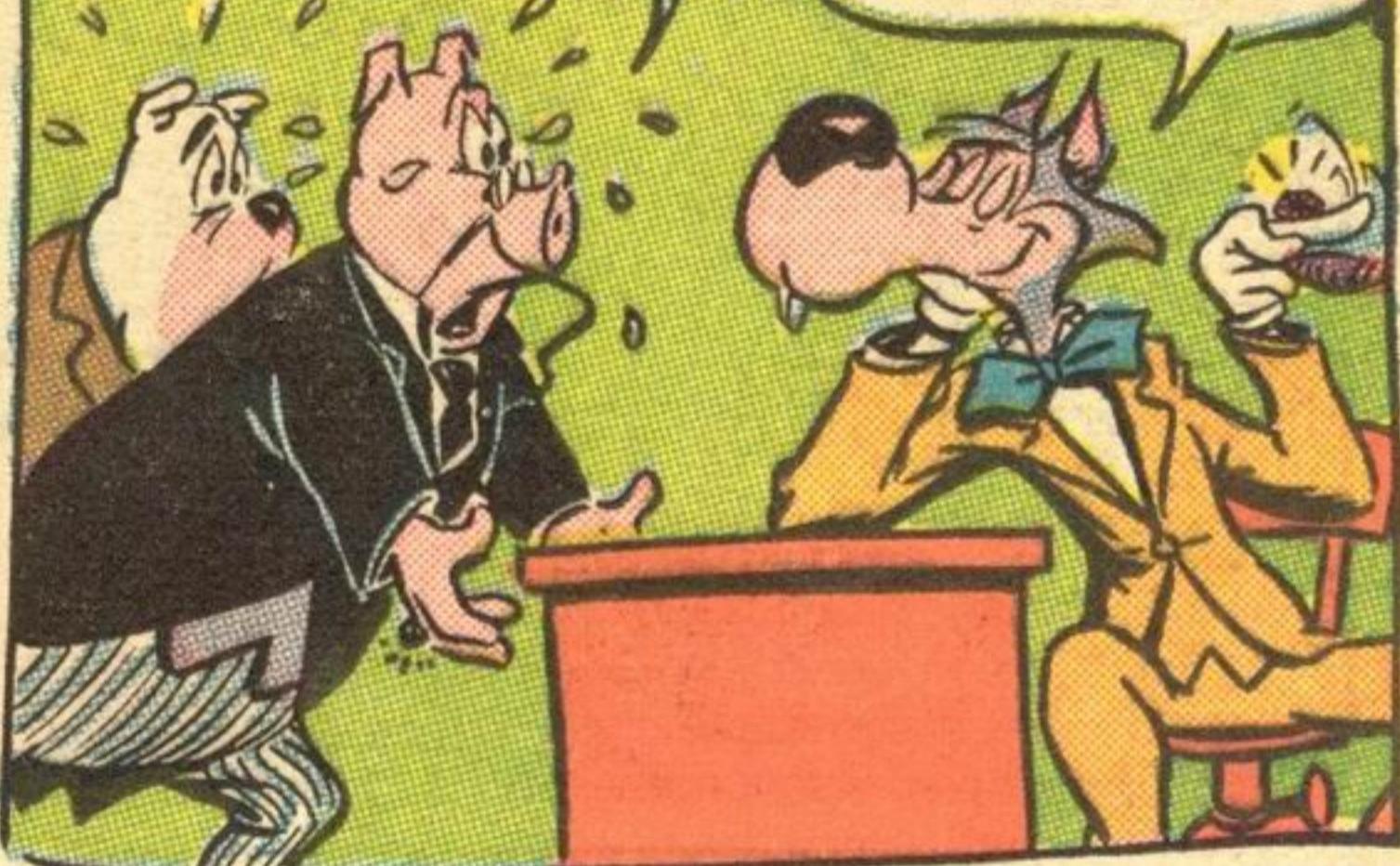
SPUTTER  
SPAT! SPUTTER  
BAM!

STATE COO-COO HOUSE



YOU'RE RUINING US, EVERY POWER AND ELECTRIC CO. IN THE COUNTRY IS GOING BROKE!

I SUGGEST YOUSE GUYS TAKE WHAT MONEY YOU'VE GOT LEFT AND BUY STOCK IN J. WACKYTON WOLFE BRAIN ELECTRIC!



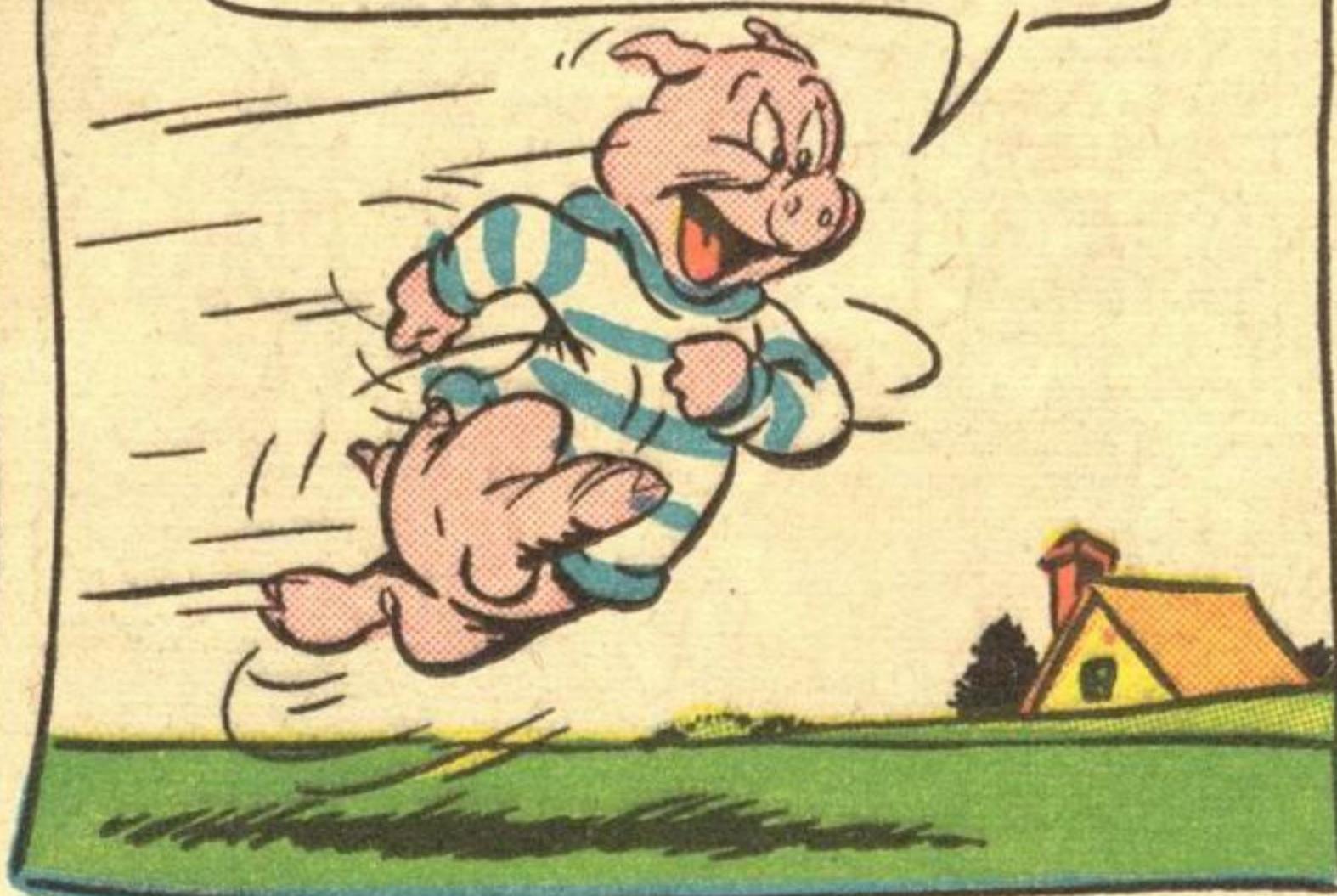
WONDER WHAT'S NEW IN THE PAPER--  
**SAY!** THAT'S WACKY! J. WACKYTON WOLFE AND WACKY WOLF ARE ONE AND THE SAME! HE DID IT!  
HE'S A MILLIONAIRE!

DAILY BLATT  
ELECTRIC KING!

J. WACKYTON WOLFE CONTROLS NATION'S INDUSTRY



WOW! I'M GOING TO SEE HIM RIGHT AWAY! MAYBE FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE HE'LL GIVE ME A NICE SOFT JOB!

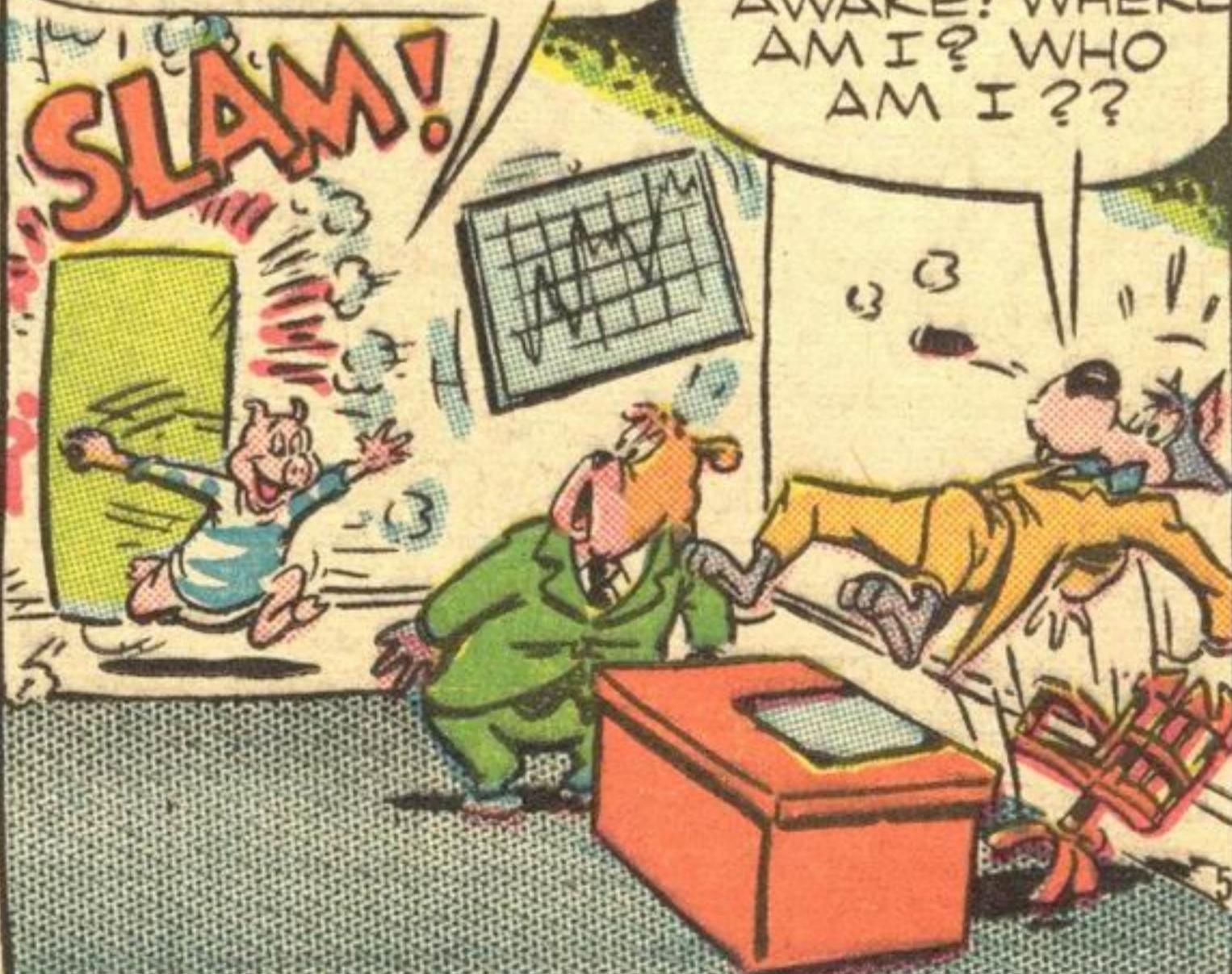


W.W., THE MACHINES ARE STARTING TO BREAK DOWN BY THE THOUSANDS! THE PEOPLE DEMAND TO KNOW HOW TO FIX 'EM OR ELSE!

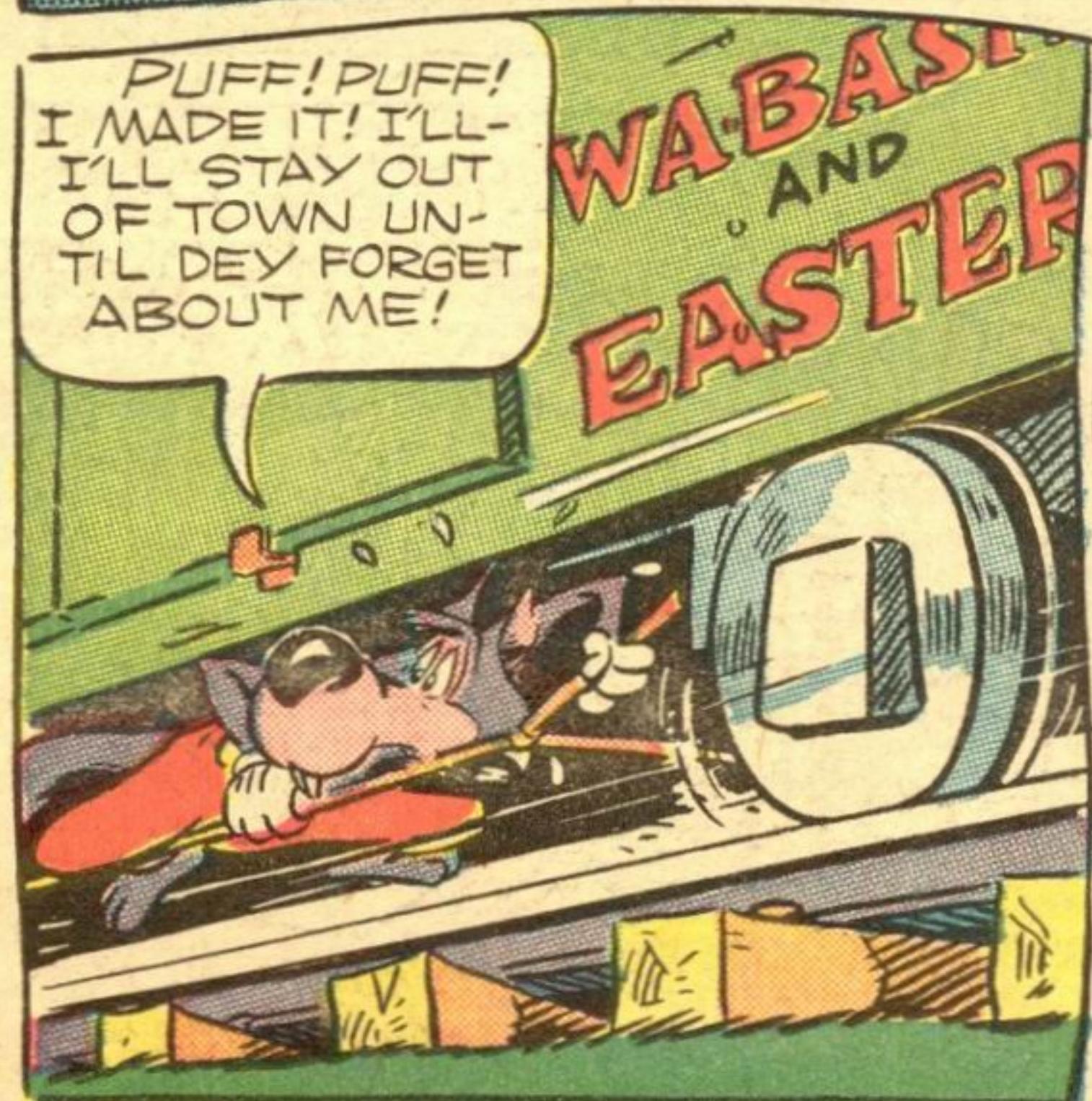
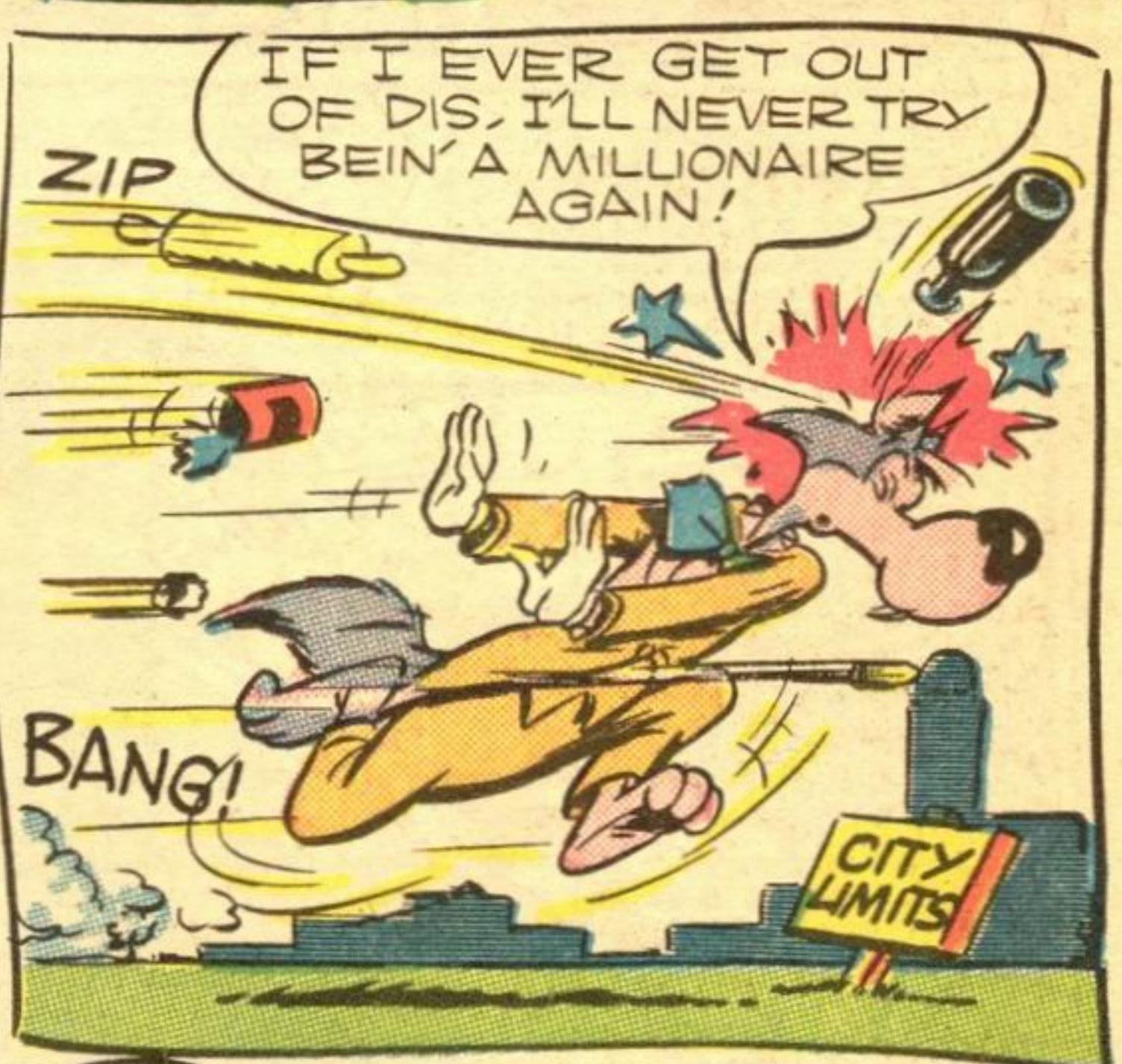
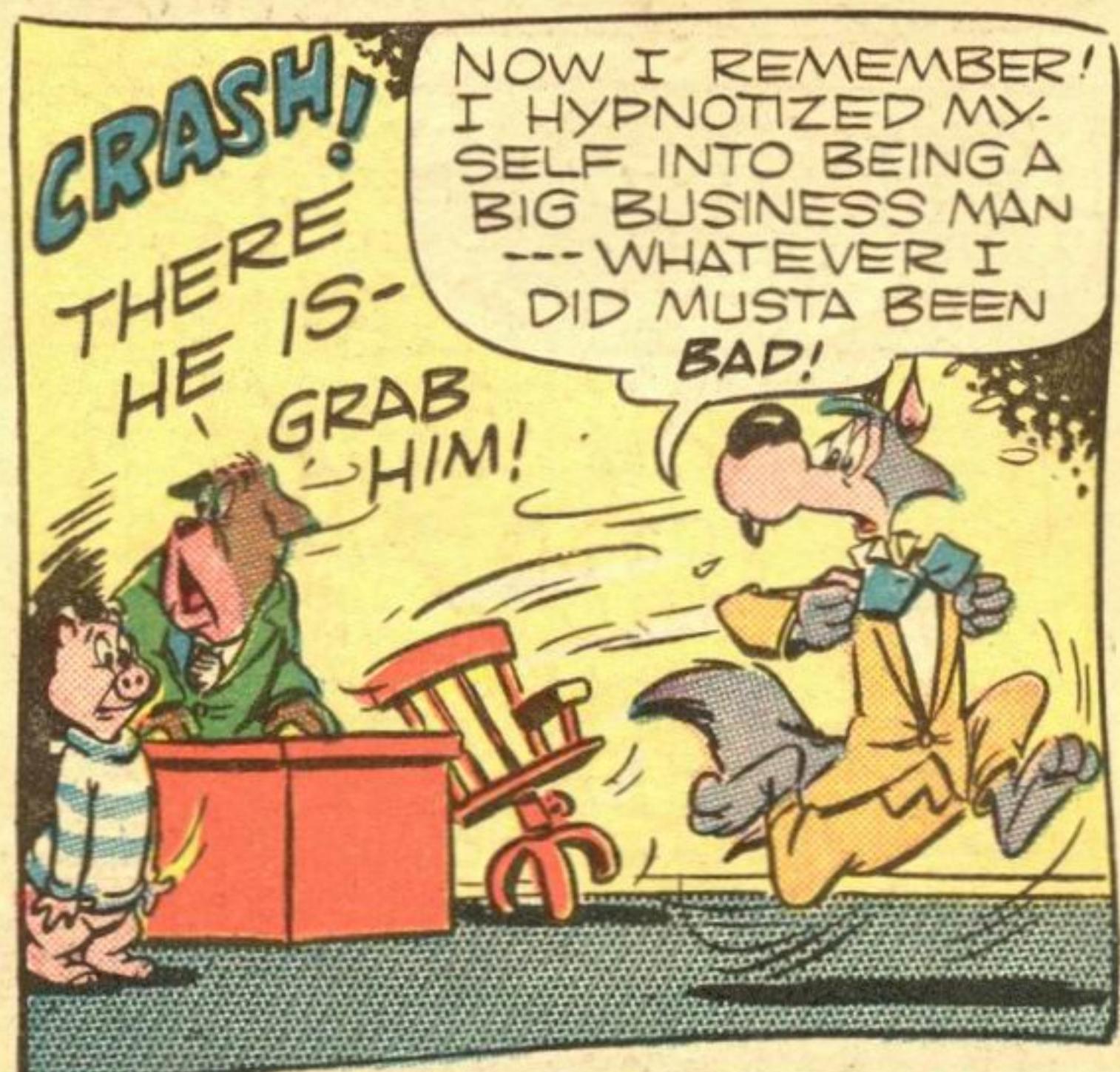
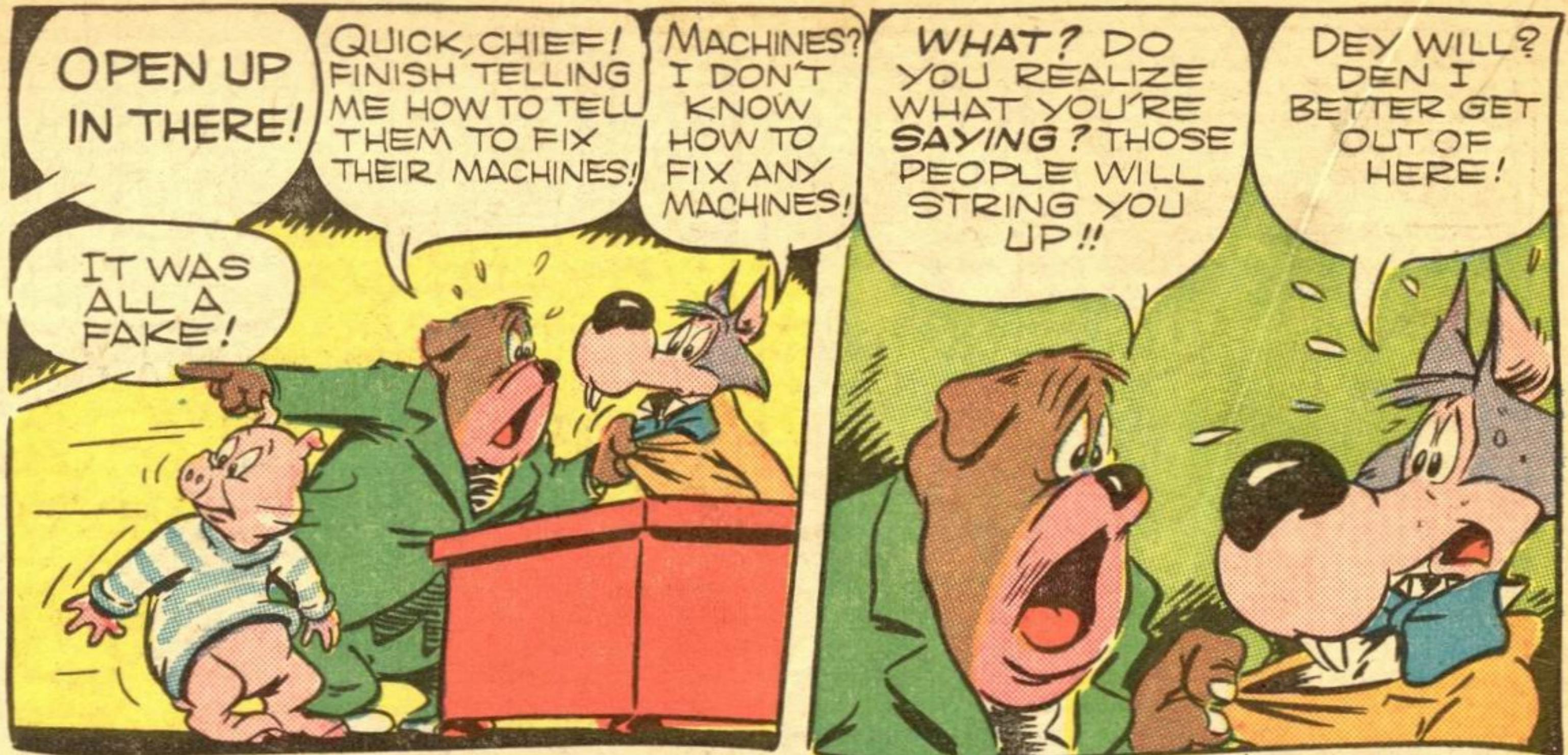
OF COURSE! TELL THEM TO MERELY TAKE THE LEFT WIRE AND--

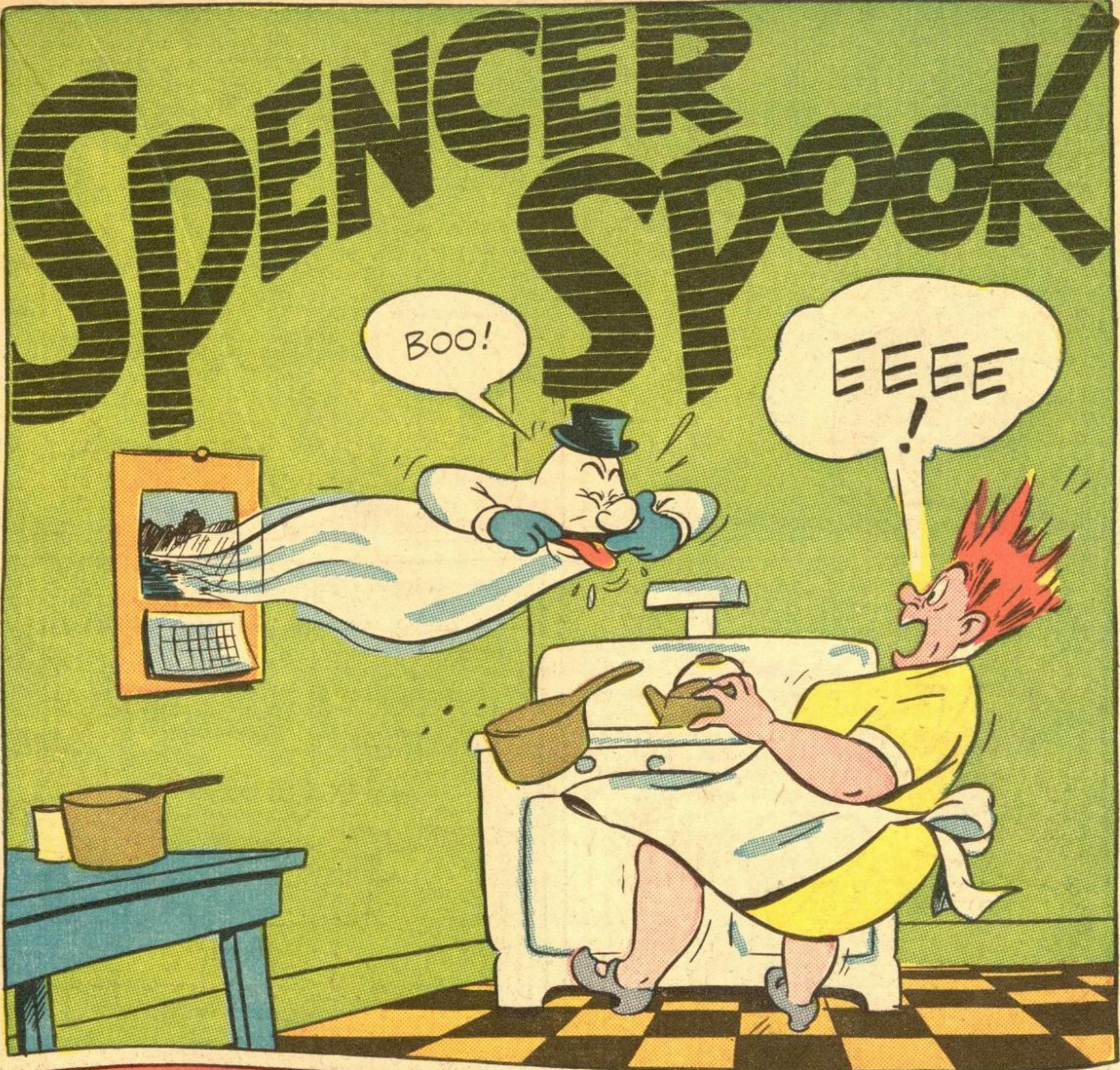


WELL, HEL-LO, WACKY BOY! I--



THAT LOUD NOISE! I'M AWAKE! WHERE AM I? WHO AM I ??





WELL, YOU'D BETTER START GETTING YOUR HAUNTING DUTIES ON SCHEDULE, OR I'M GOING TO HAVE THIS PLACE TORN DOWN AND MOVE BACK TO TOWN, AND THEN WHERE WILL YOU BE?

I'LL HURRY 'EM UP! HONEST I WILL!

BED TIME AT LAST! WHAT A DAY! THERE'S JUST TOO MUCH HAUNTN' FOR ME AROUND HERE! TOMORROW I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT!

I'LL RUSH RIGHT DOWN AND HAVE THIS AD RUN IN THE PAPER!

WANTED!—  
GOOD, RELIABLE GHOST  
TO HELP IN HAUNTING  
HOUSE IN EXCHANGE  
FOR ROOM AND BOARD.  
SPENCER SPOOK

THAT MUST BE AN ANSWER TO MY AD!

RAP!  
RAP!  
RAP!

YOU ADVERTISED FOR A HELPER?

ULP! Y-YES,  
I DID! BUT MAY  
I ASK WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING STANDING  
ON THAT WIRE?

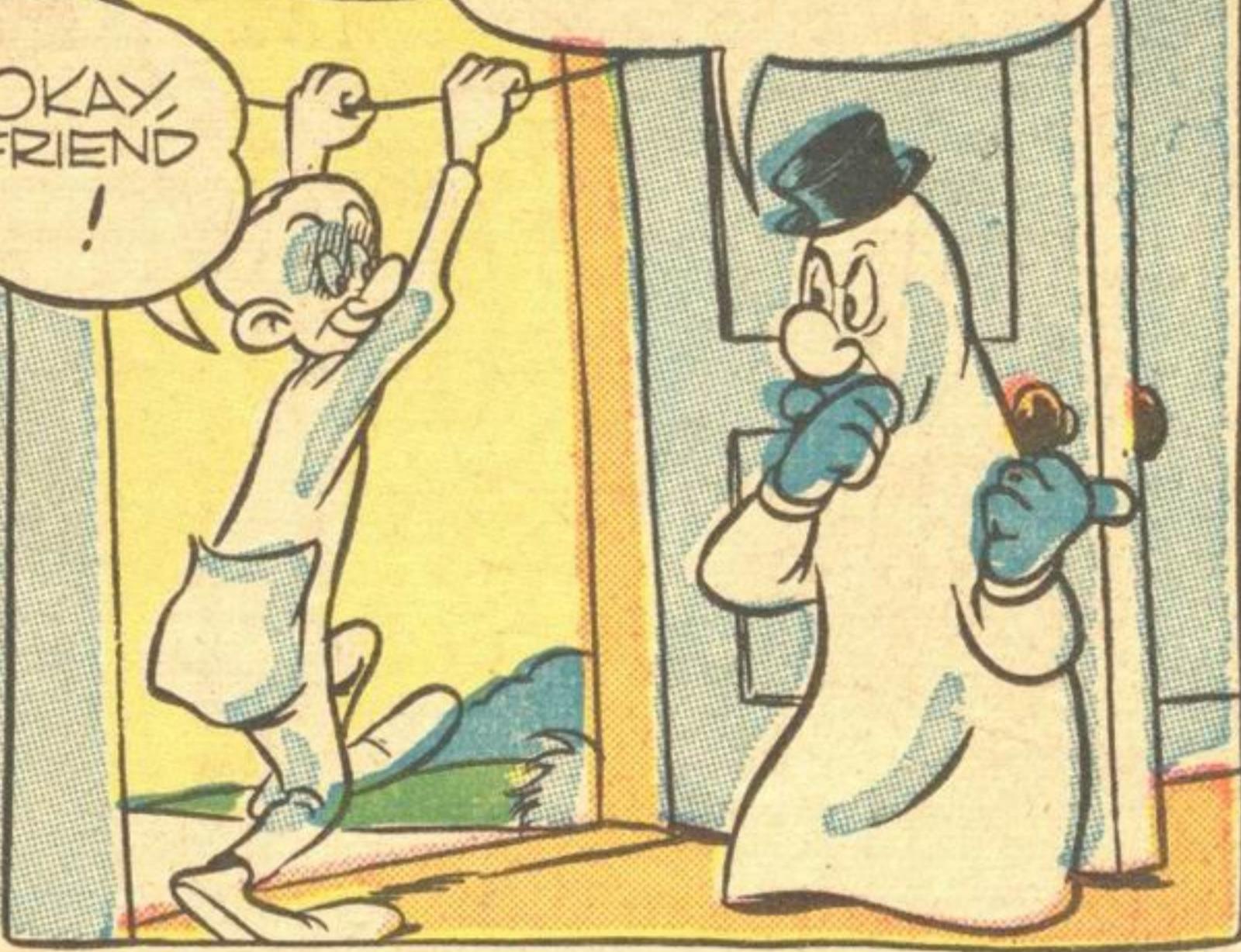
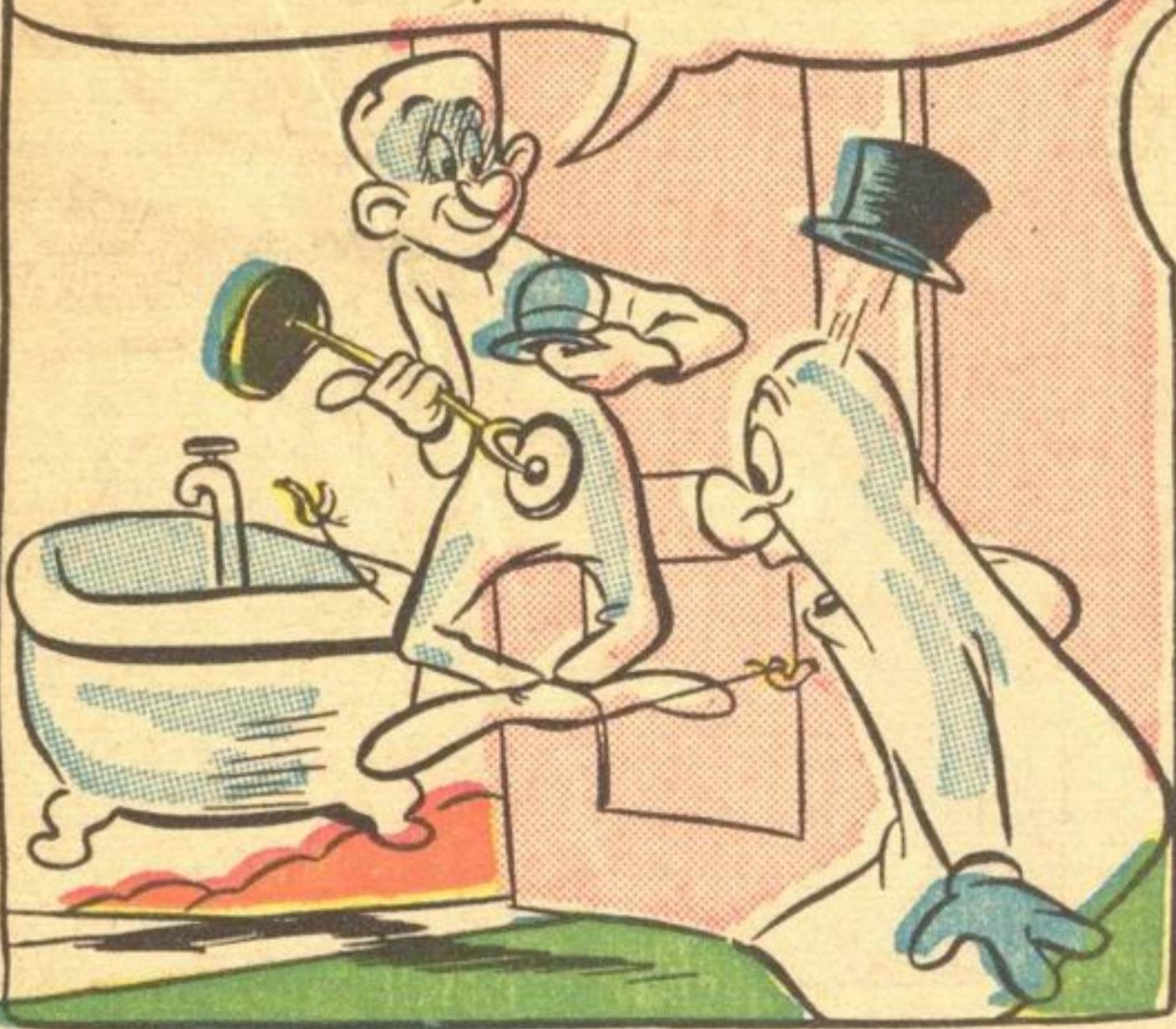
USED TO BE A TIGHT ROPE WALKER WITH A CIRCUS BEFORE--  
ER-A-BEING A SPECTRE!

OH, I SEE! HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT ONE DAY, HUH? THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE CRACKS IN YOUR HEAD AND FOR YOUR PRESENCE HERE NOW!

NOPE, FELL IN THE BATH TUB ONE NIGHT --- BROUGHT THAT WITH ME, TOO!

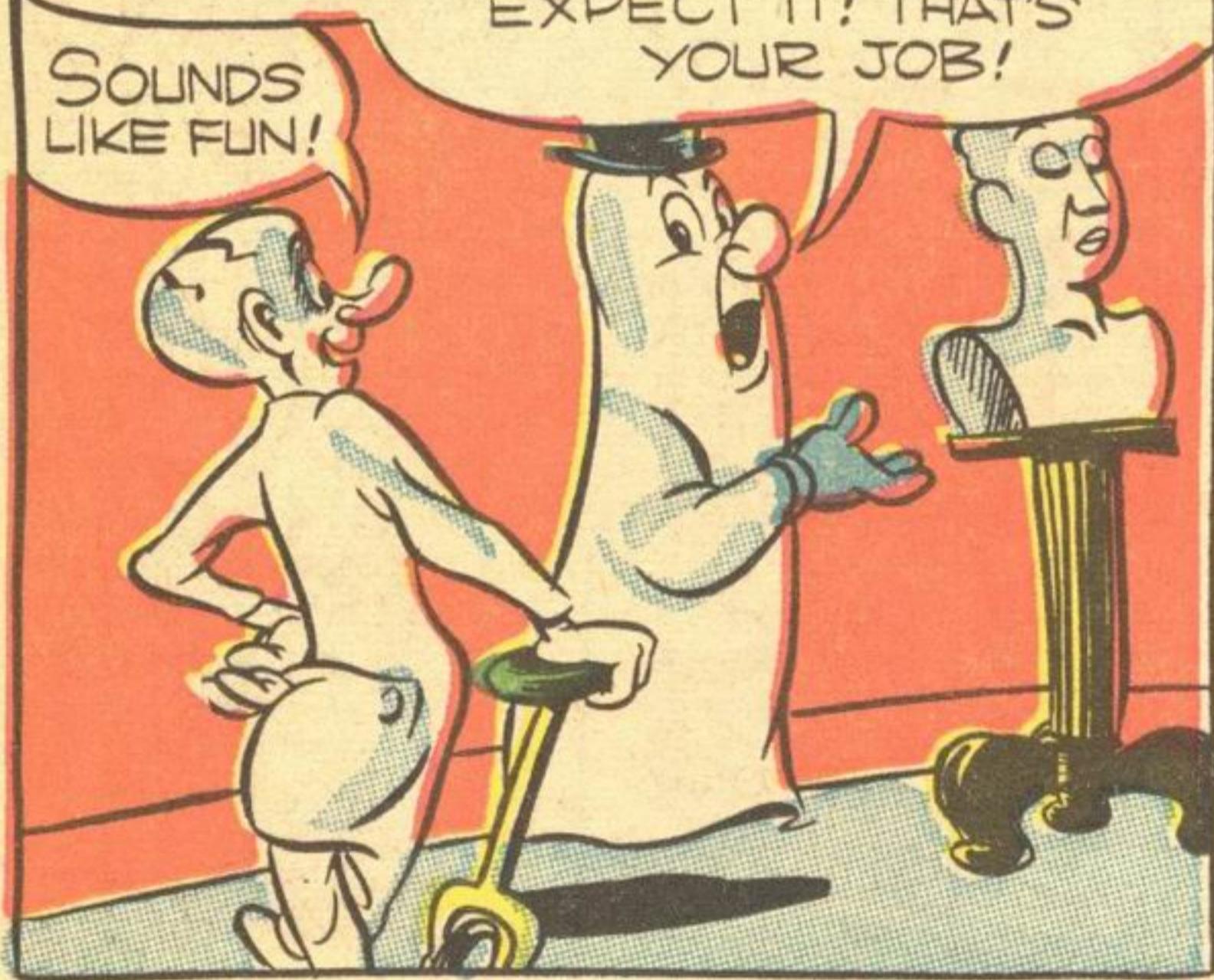
WELL, GUESS YOU'LL DO! FOLLOW ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT WE GOTTA DO!

OKAY, FRIEND!



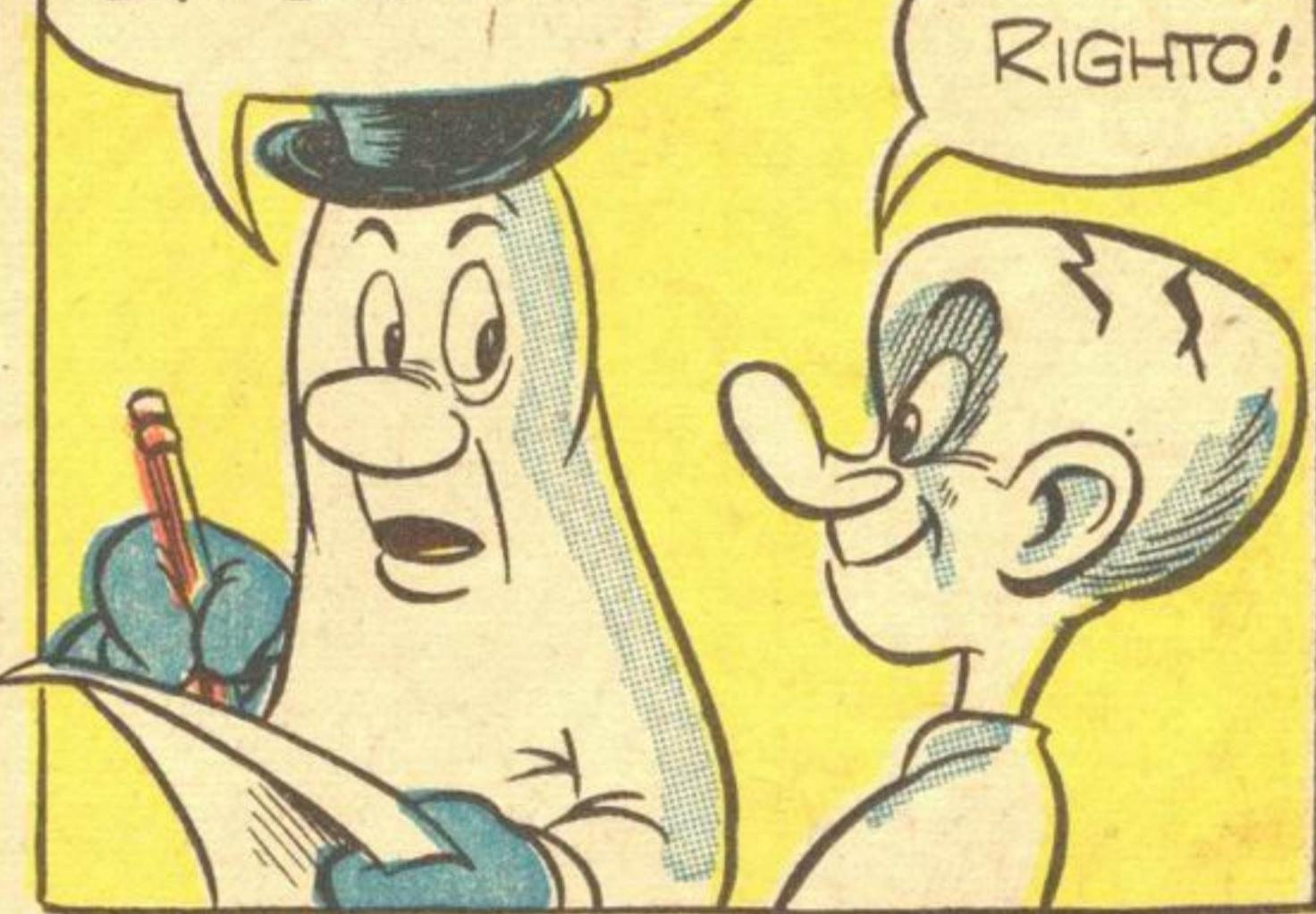
THIS STATUE HAS TO BE THROWN DOWN THE STAIRS AT 8 SHARP! THEY EXPECT IT! THAT'S YOUR JOB!

SOUNDS LIKE FUN!

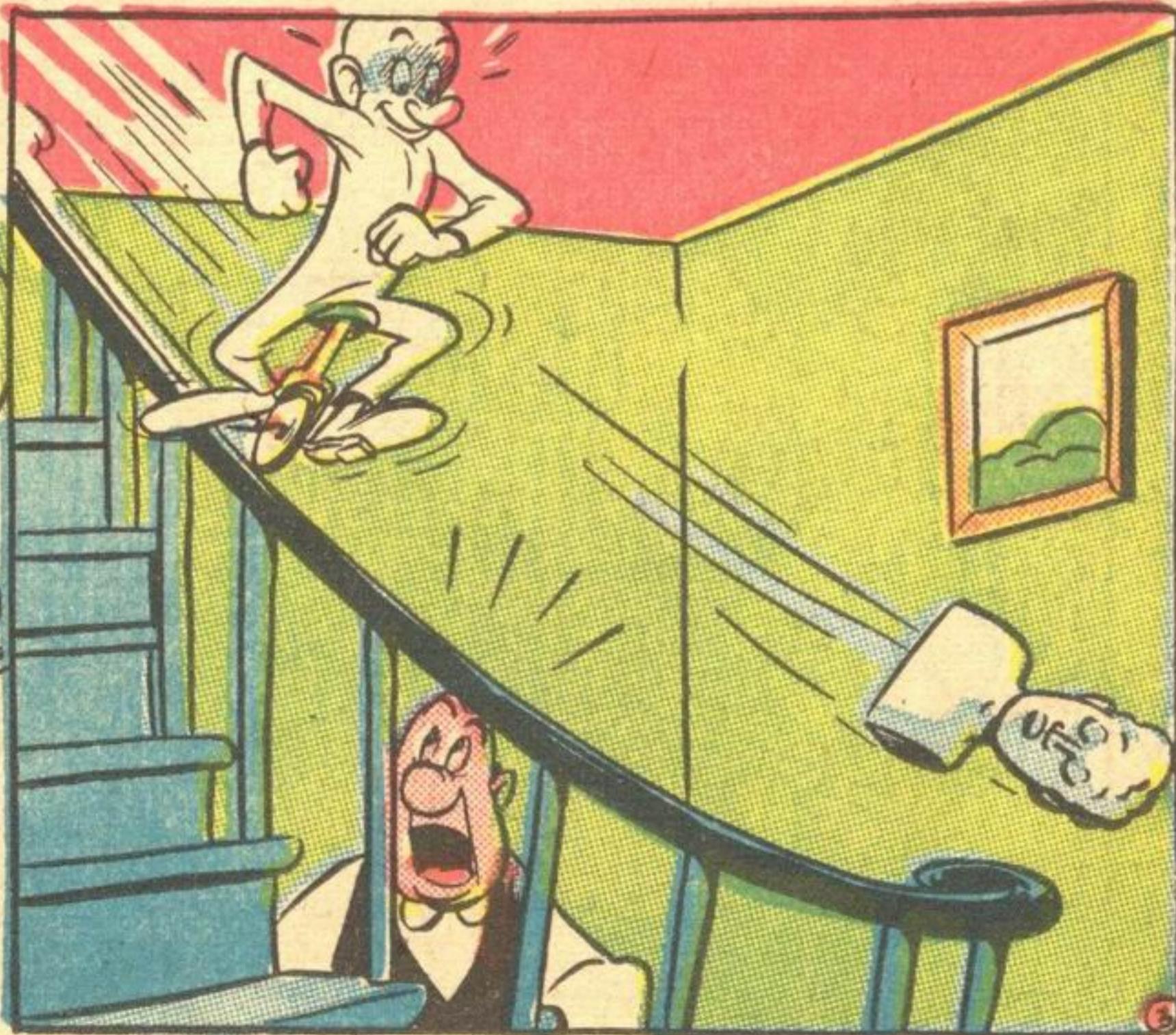


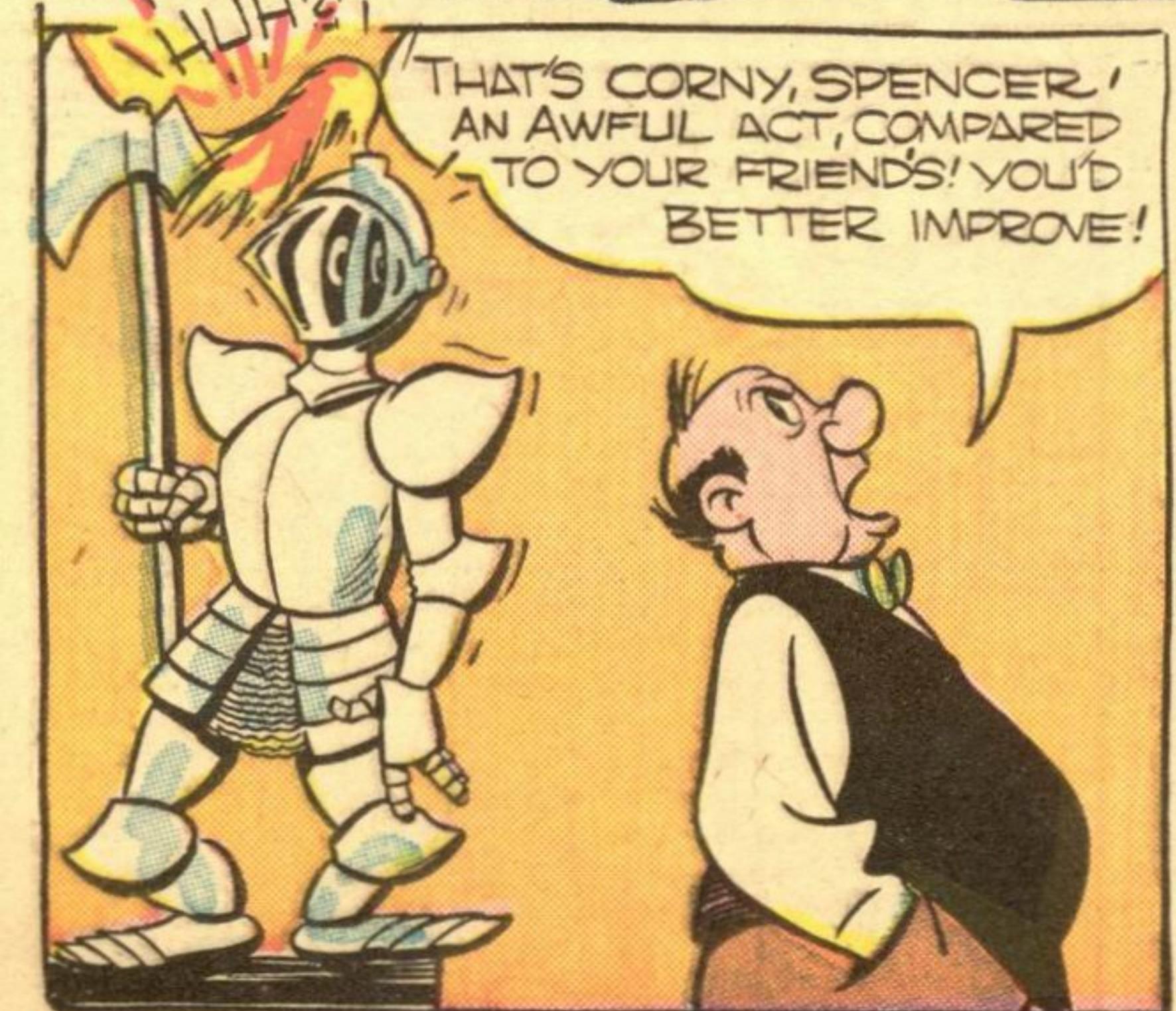
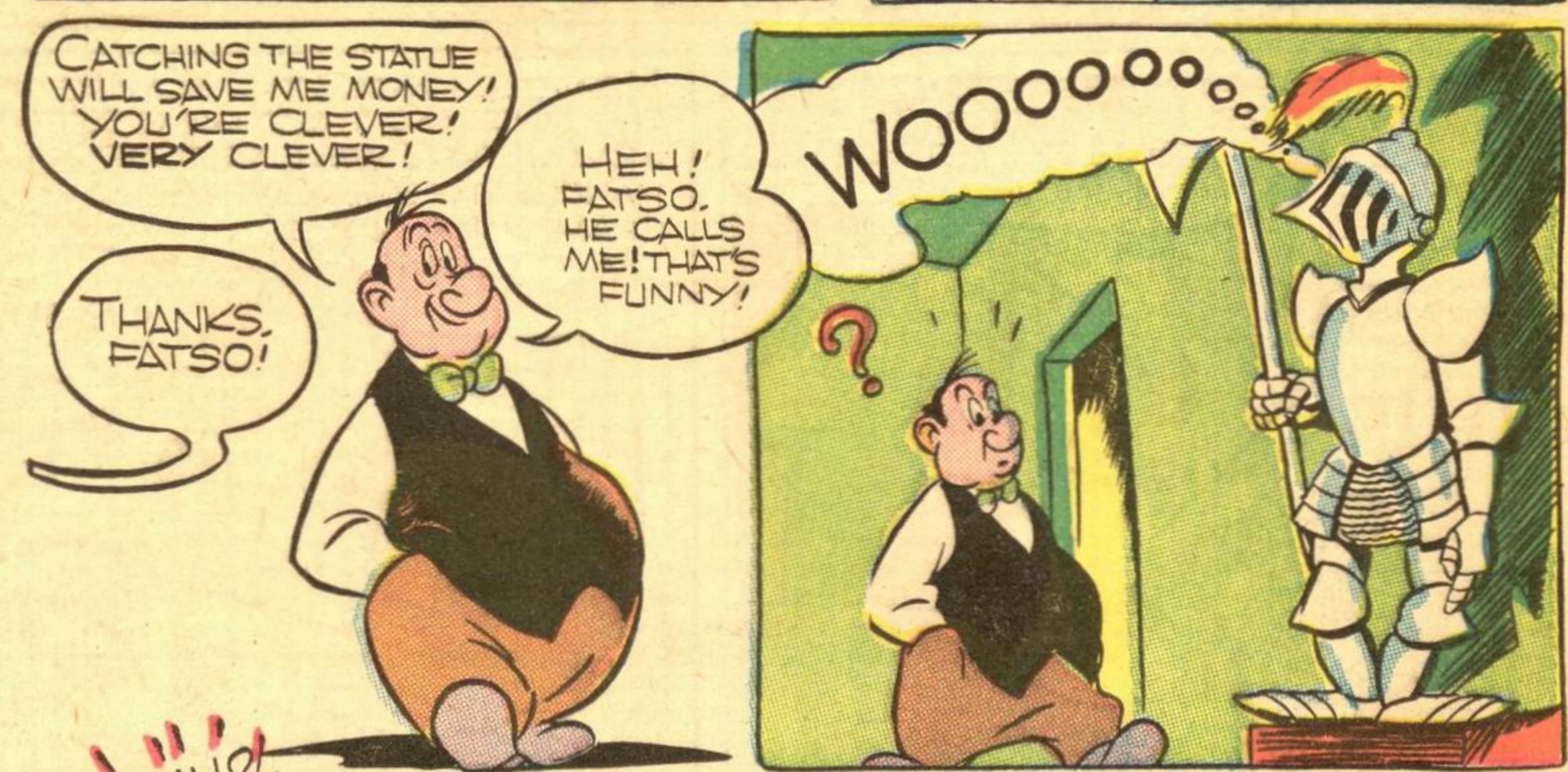
NOW, I'LL HANDLE THE SCARING OF THE MAID AND THE TALKING SUIT OF ARMOR! THEN WE'LL MEET AND BOTH HANDLE THE SWINGING OF THE CHANDELIER IN THE LIVING ROOM!

RIGHTO!



ZIP!  
WELL,  
SPENCER IS  
RIGHT ON  
TIME TONIGHT!



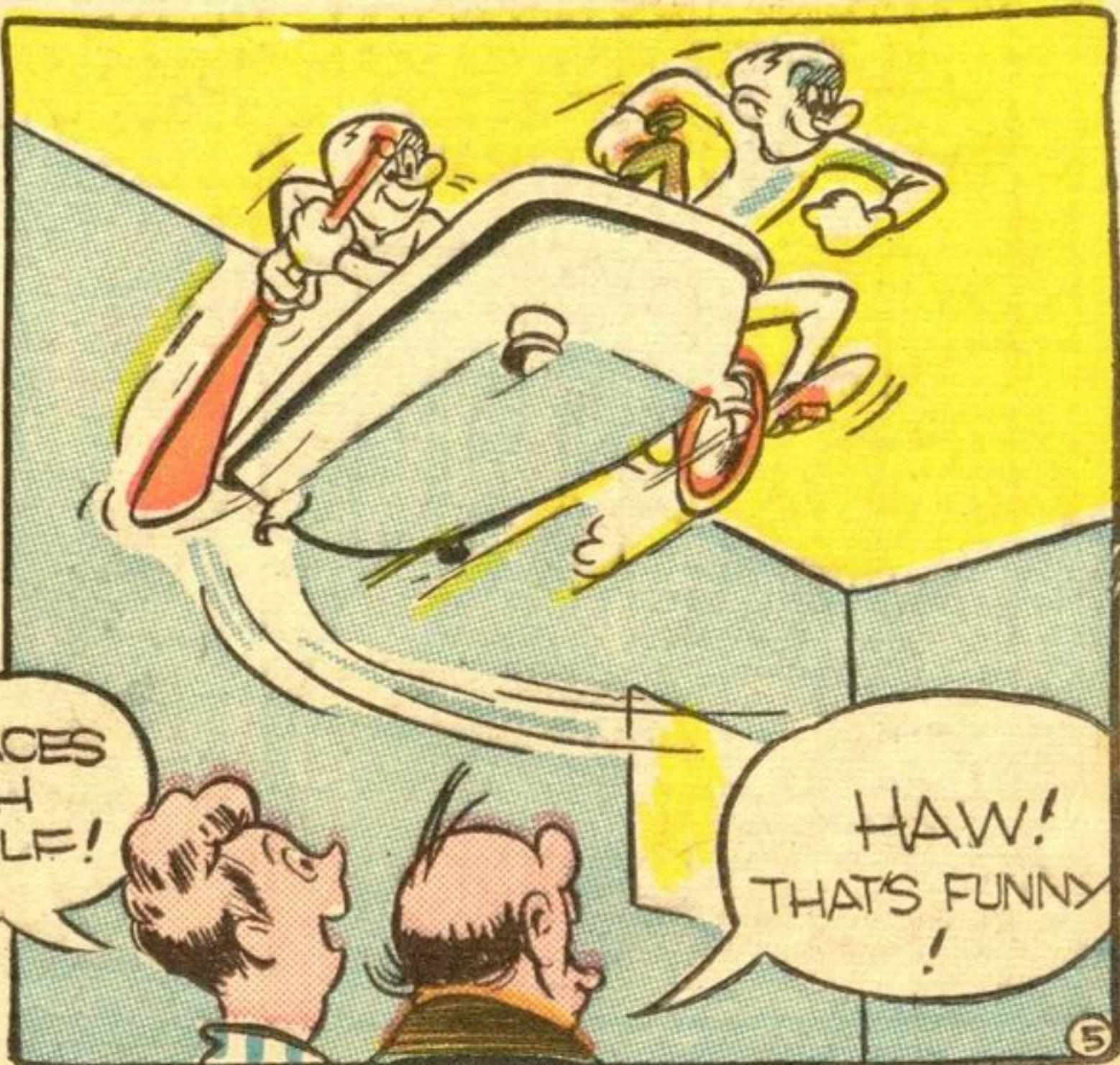
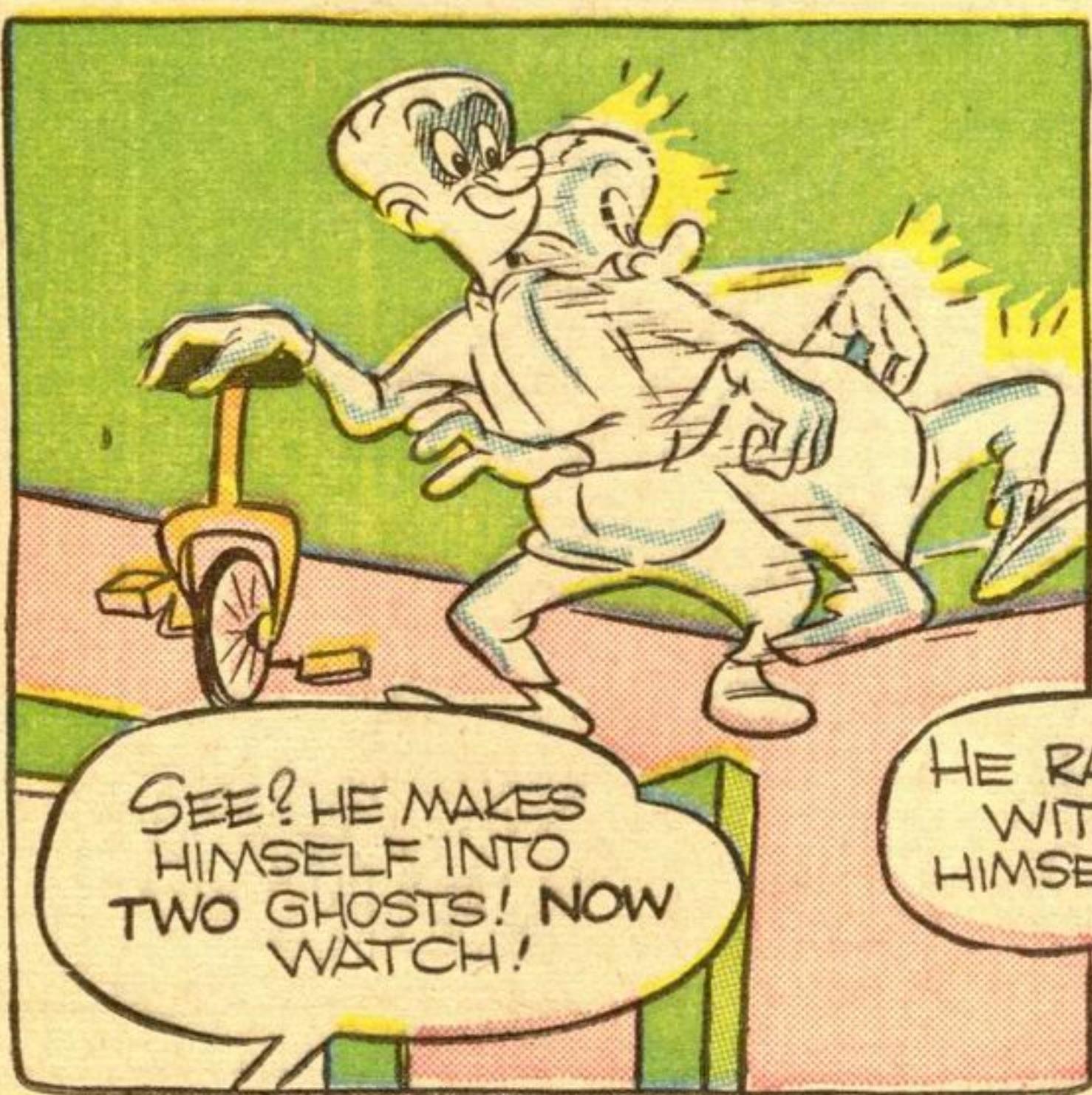


WHERE IS THAT GUY? HE WAS TO MEET  
ME HERE! OH! OH! TH 'OL' BOY'S CHECKIN'  
HIS WATCH! I BETTER  
START THIS THING  
GOING!

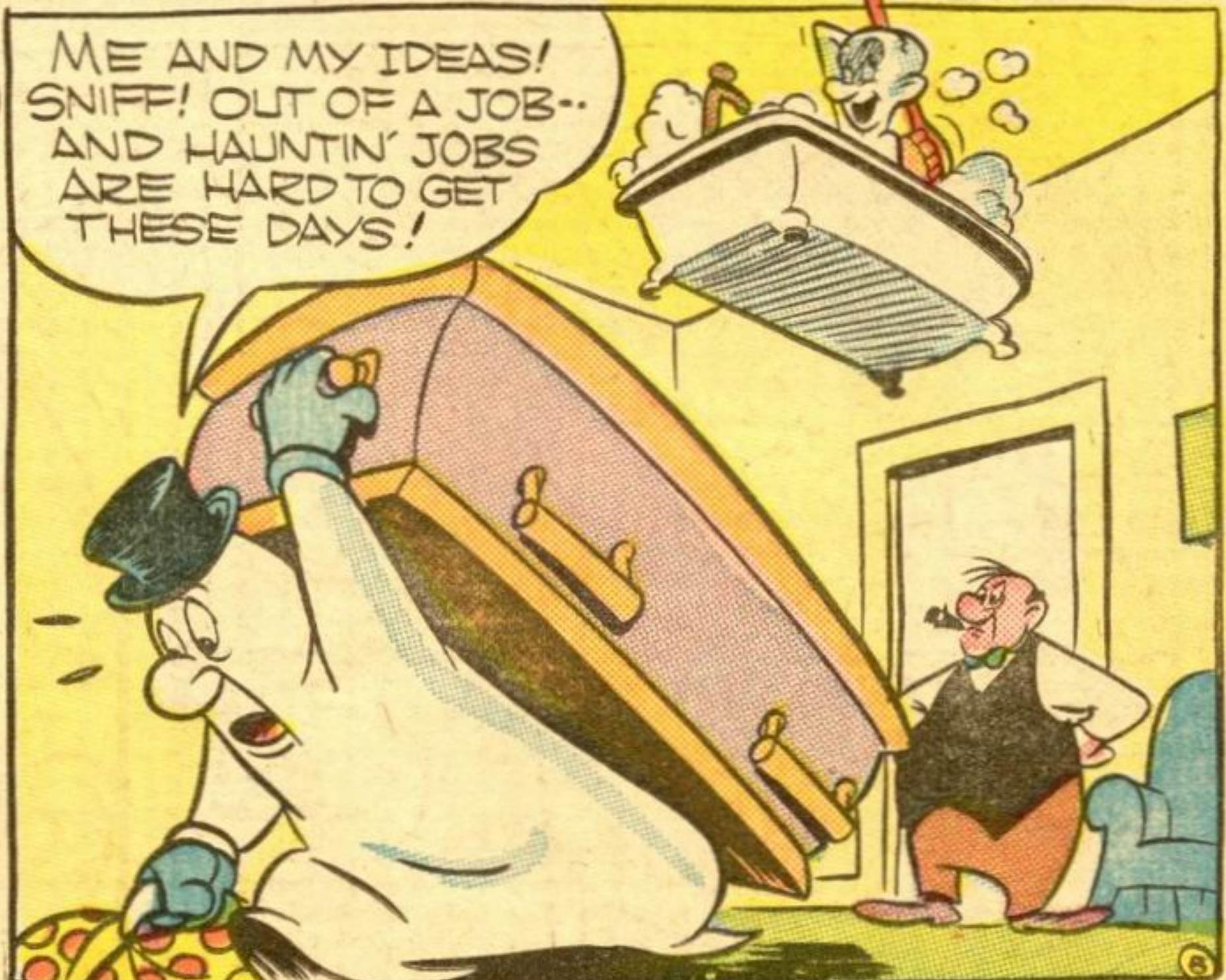
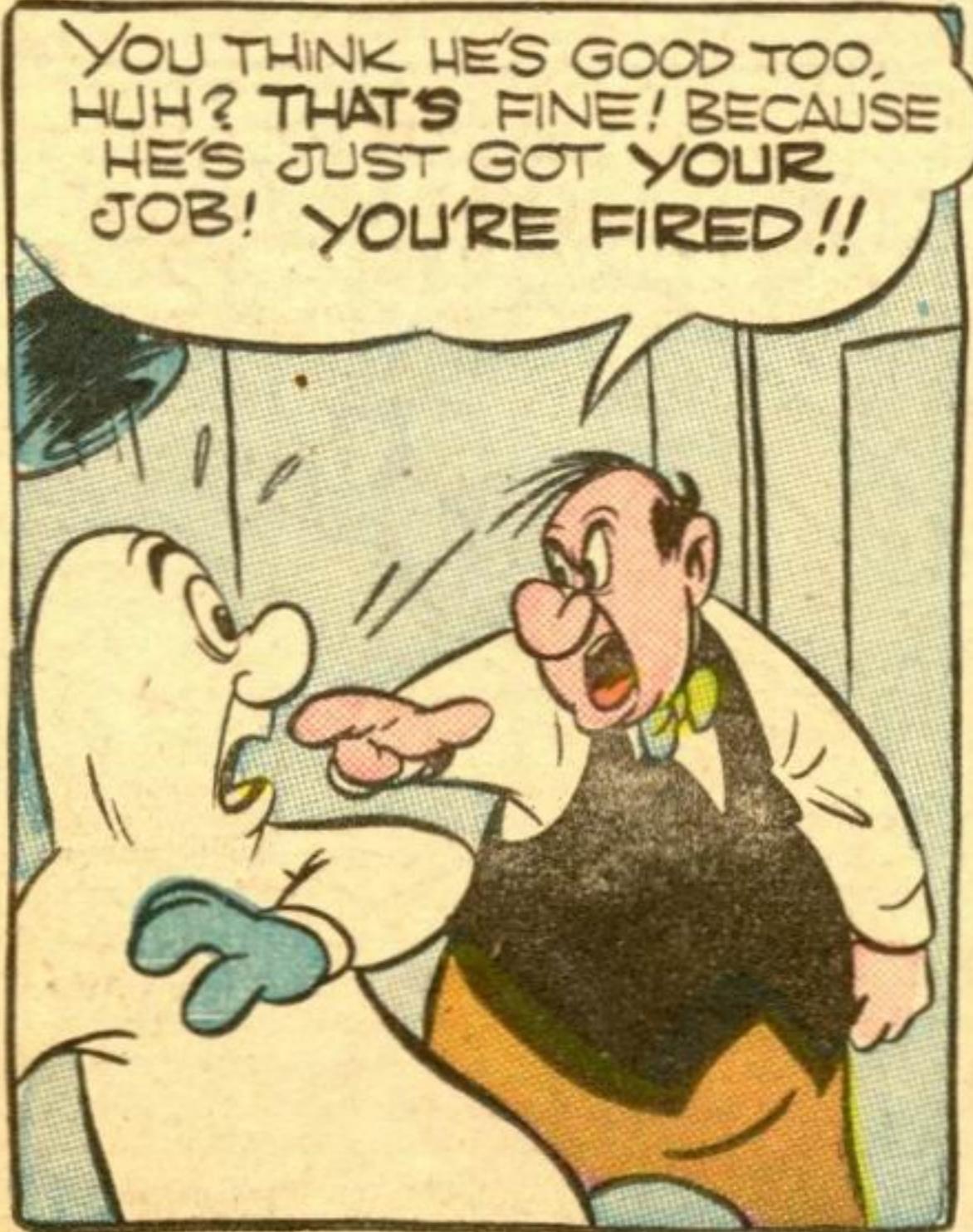
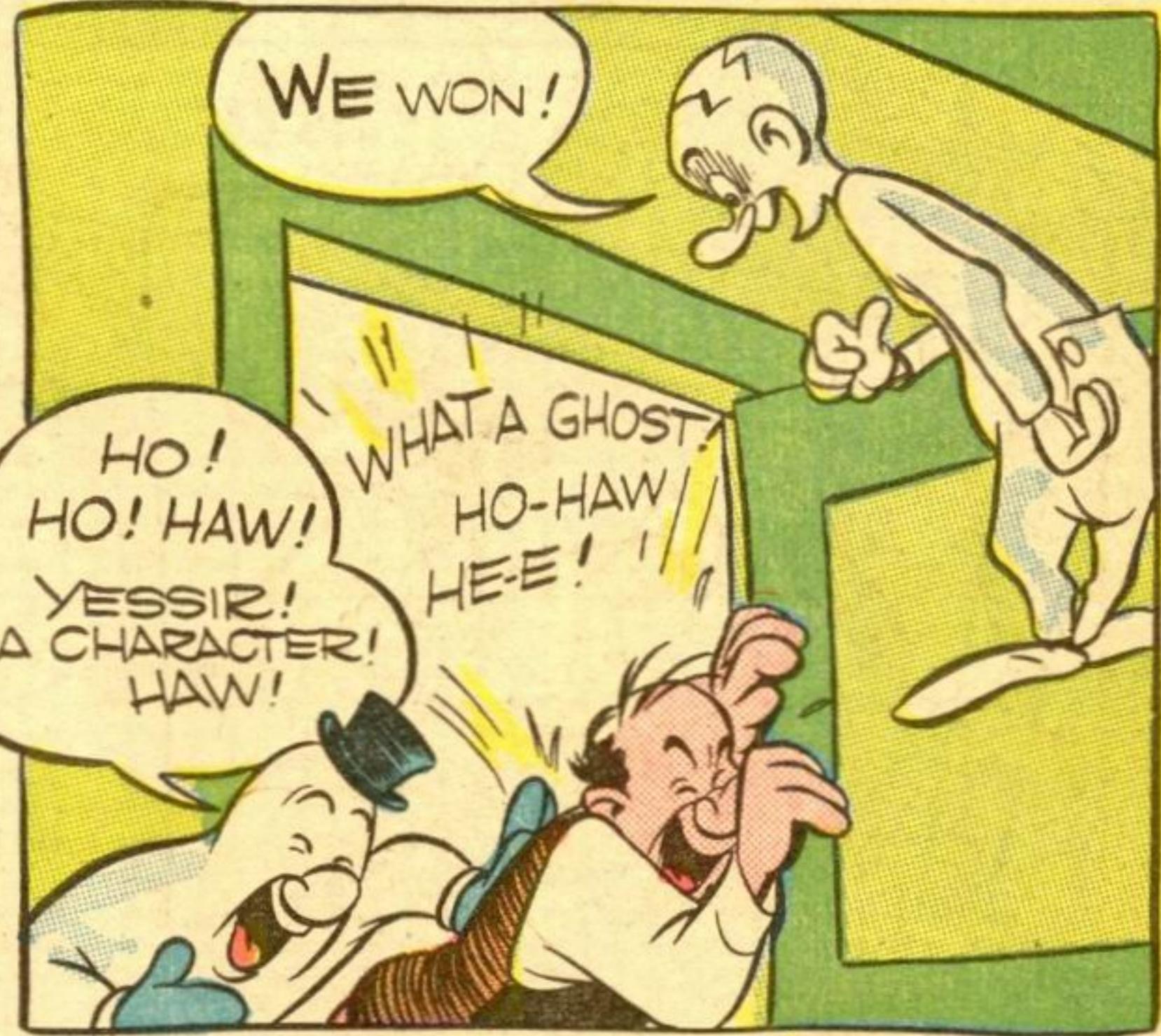
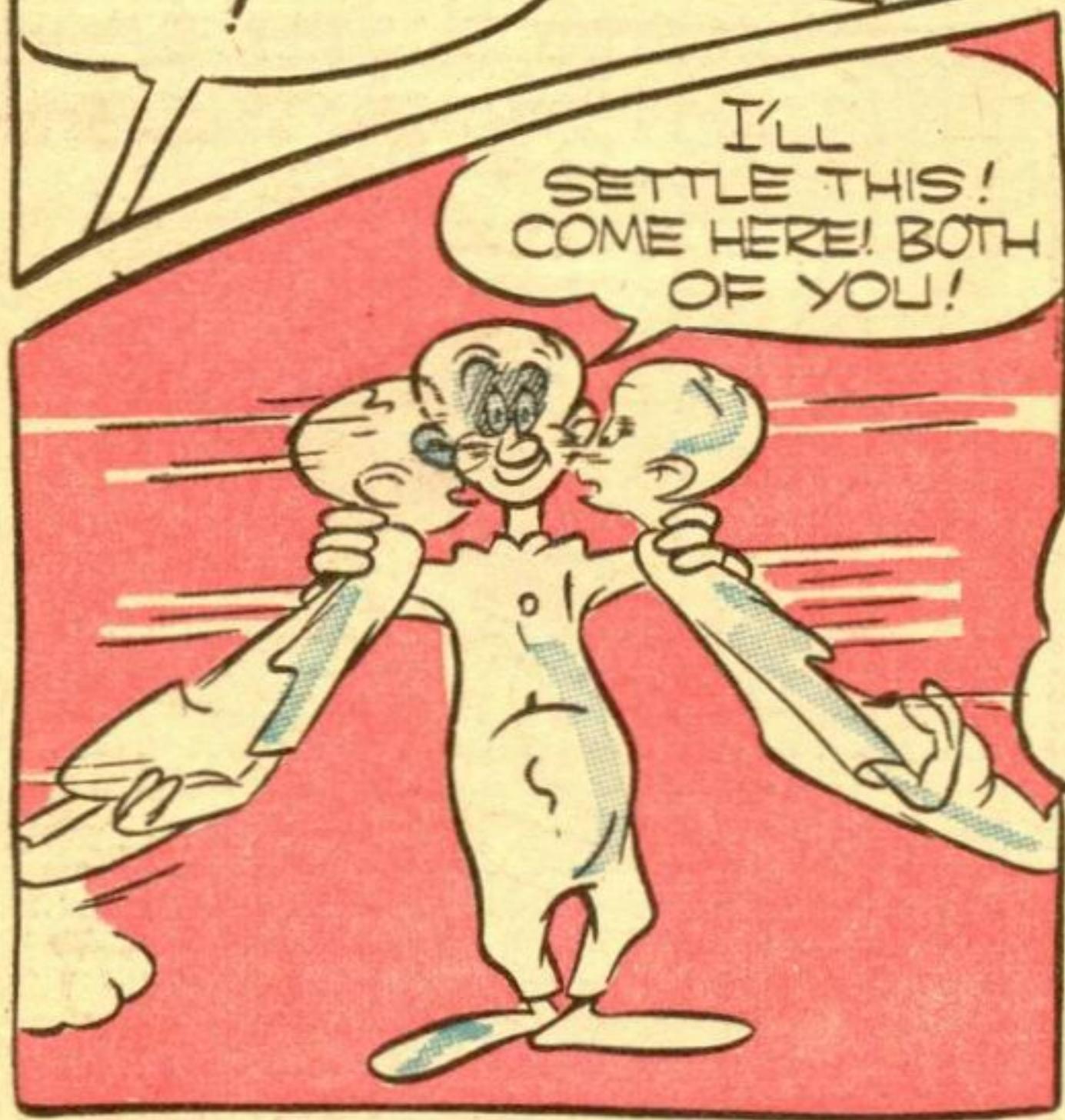
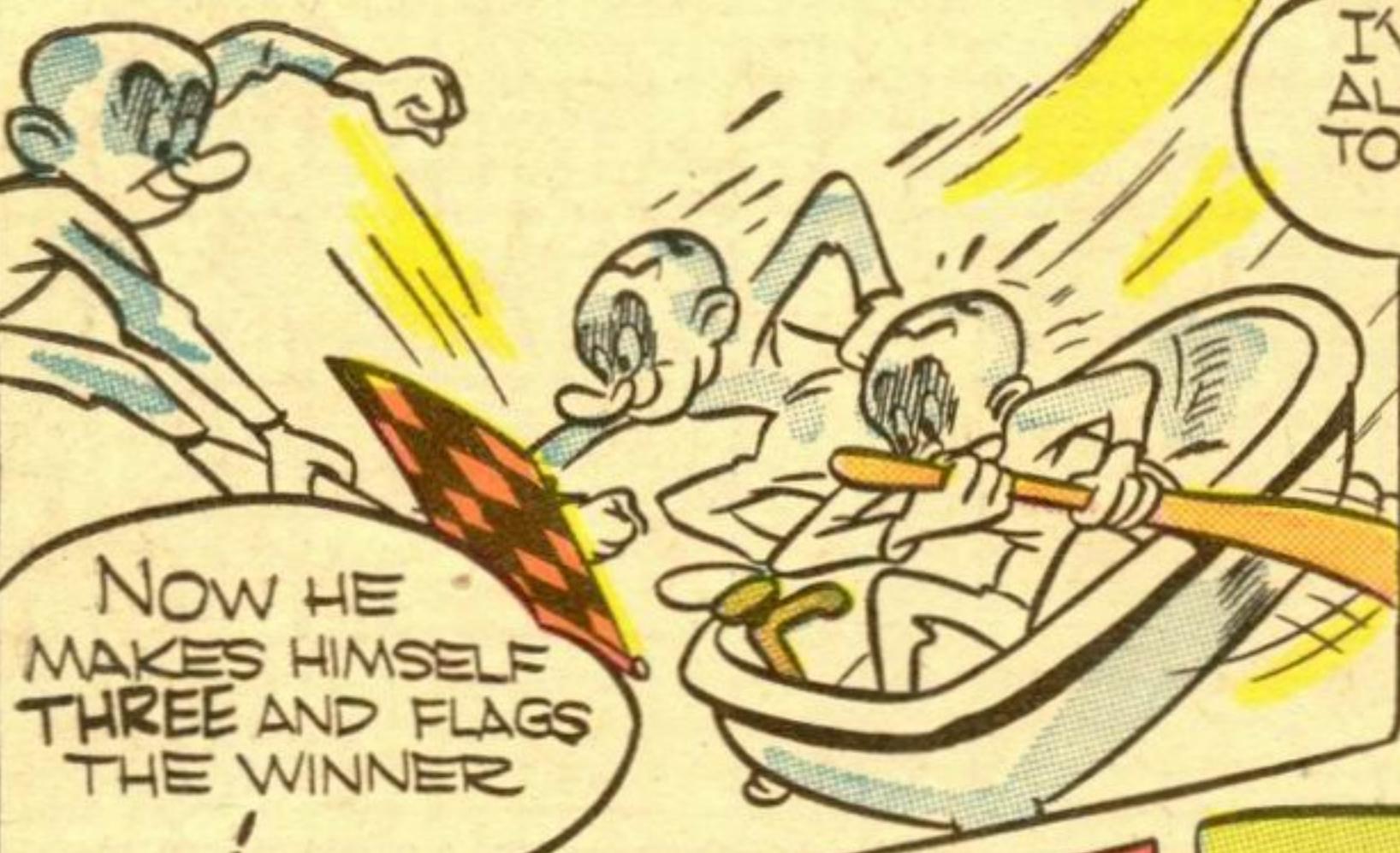
HENRY-Y-Y!  
COME HERE,  
QUICK!

RIGHT  
AWAY,  
DEAR!

HMM!  
WONDER  
WHAT'S UP  
?



**ROAR**



HOPE THE "BOSS" IS IN! MAYBE HE KNOWS ABOUT A VACANCY!

RAP! RAP!

BOSS  
1716-1776

WOW!  
I'LL TAKE IT! ANYTHING'S WELCOME!  
HMM! LET'S SEE IF I'VE GOT ANYTHING LISTED HERE!  
HM! GOTTA GUY THAT NEEDS AN ASSISTANT!

BOSS, I'M--

OUT OF A JOB AGAIN, HUH?

YESSIR!  
(GULP)

BOSS  
1716-1776

18940 CRESTVIEW! OH, BOY!  
A PLACE TO LIVE, ANYWAY!

WELL, FOR--

18940  
CRESTVIEW

YOUR JOB WILL BE TO THROW THIS STATUE DOWN THE STAIRS AT 8 O'CLOCK SHARP! THEY EXPECT IT!

# The CHASE

THE little pony's hooves struck the ground so fast, they seemed to send up a shower of sparks. But no matter how fast he ran, it didn't seem fast enough!

"Oh, golly," he panted, racing wildly through the forest. "If I stop, they'll catch me for sure! Oh, golly! I think I can hear 'em now!"

The little pony's sharp ears caught the humming sound that told him his pursuers were coming closer. For a brief instant, he looked back. There they were! At least a hundred hornets, forming a dark, dangerous cloud, zoomed behind him, coming closer and closer!

"Oh, why was I so curious?" the pony asked himself. "Why couldn't I let that great, big, gray nest alone? Why did I have to go poking my nose into it and stirring all those hornets up? If they catch me, it'll be the end of me for sure!"

And still the little pony raced on, hoping wildly for rescue. But no one in the forest would dare to brave the wrath of a horde of angry hornets, so the poor little pony could hope for no help.

As he came to the edge of the forest,

a sudden thought came to him. "If I could only hide in one of the houses," he thought. "I would be safe. I'm sure some kind, friendly soul will let me in. I must get to town as fast as I can!"

He was very tired by that time, but the warning buzz behind him spurred him on, and he ran faster than ever before. Into the little town ran the pony, and onto the main street—but there a strange sight met his eyes. All of the houses and shops, and even the police station, were locked and barred and there were signs out all over . . . GONE TO THE CARNIVAL!

"The carnival!" breathed the pony. "Everybody's there . . . oh, dear, what shall I do? Perhaps someone will help me there!"

With his last bit of breath, the pony veered and galloped towards the fair grounds. He was slowing up, he knew, because the dark cloud of hornets was much, much closer. In fact, one little hornet seemed to be close enough to sting!

Suddenly, the pony saw a wonderful thing! As he drew closer to the carnival, he saw . . . the carousel! "If this doesn't work, I'm lost!" he gasped, hopping onto the fast moving merry-go-round.

Stiff and straight, like the little wooden ponies on the platform, he stood, without so much as a blink of an eye or a swish of the tail.

Faster and faster went the merry-go-round, until the hornets were quite dizzy, trying to decide which was *their* pony and which were the others.

Finally, the littlest hornet buzzed, "Oh, let's go home and build a new nest. I don't think we can find him . . . and I don't think *he'll* want to find *us* again!"

"That's true," breathed the little pony. "I'll never stir up a hornets' nest again!"



# CORKY

NO FISHING  
BEYOND TWO  
MILES  
BACK

CORKY  
PLEASE  
TAKE  
NOTICE!

WHERE IS HE?  
HE'S JUST GOTTA  
COME AROUND!  
I'VE JUST PUT UP  
ALL NEW SIGNS!

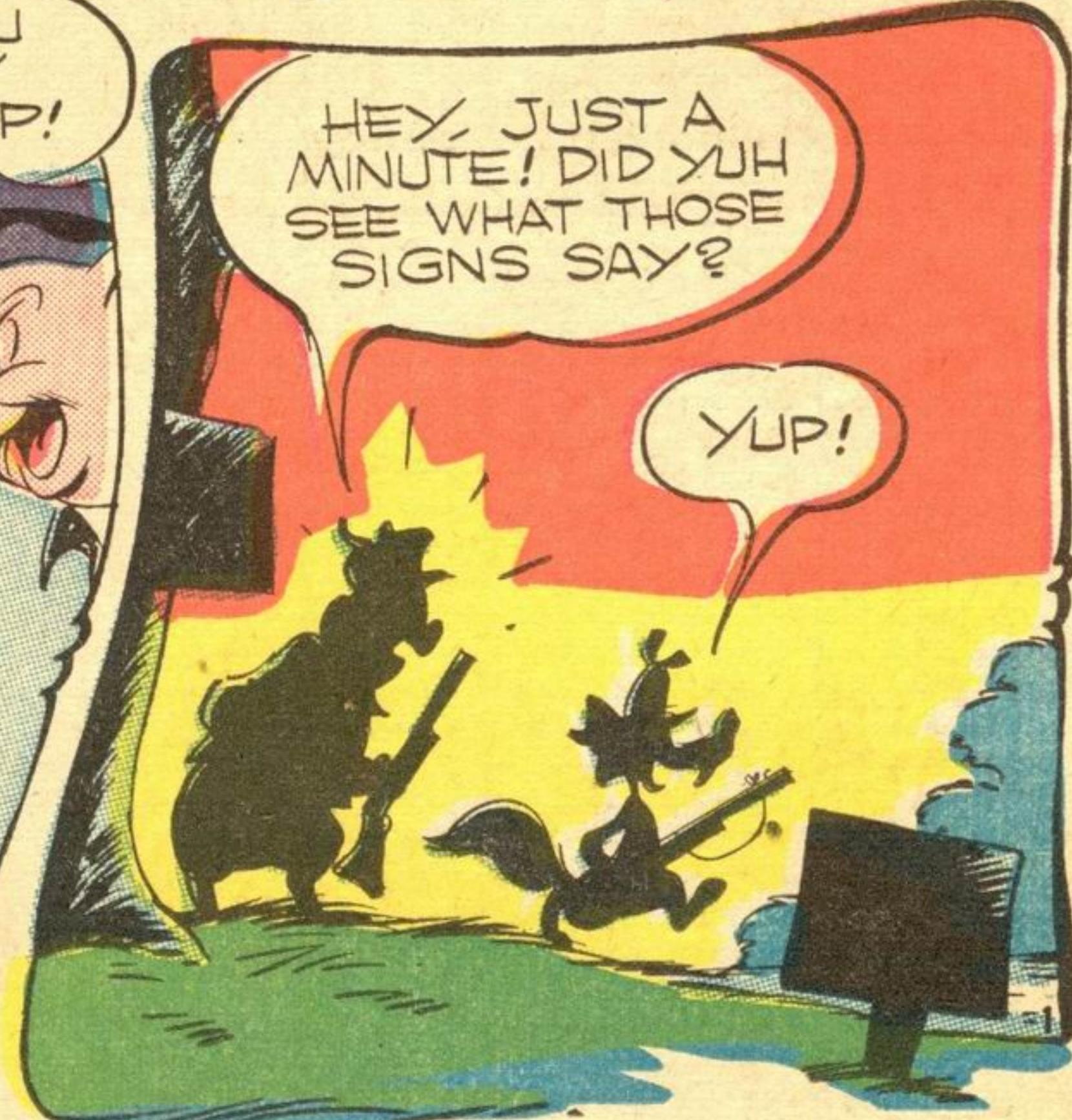
NOAH WEBSTER  
SAYS,  
"NO FISHING  
MEANS  
**NO FISHING**"

GOOD MORNING,  
MY BACKWOODS  
SPLIT-TOED  
FRIEND!

WELL, YOU  
FINALLY  
SHOWED UP!

HEY, JUST A  
MINUTE! DID YUH  
SEE WHAT THOSE  
SIGNS SAY?

YUP!

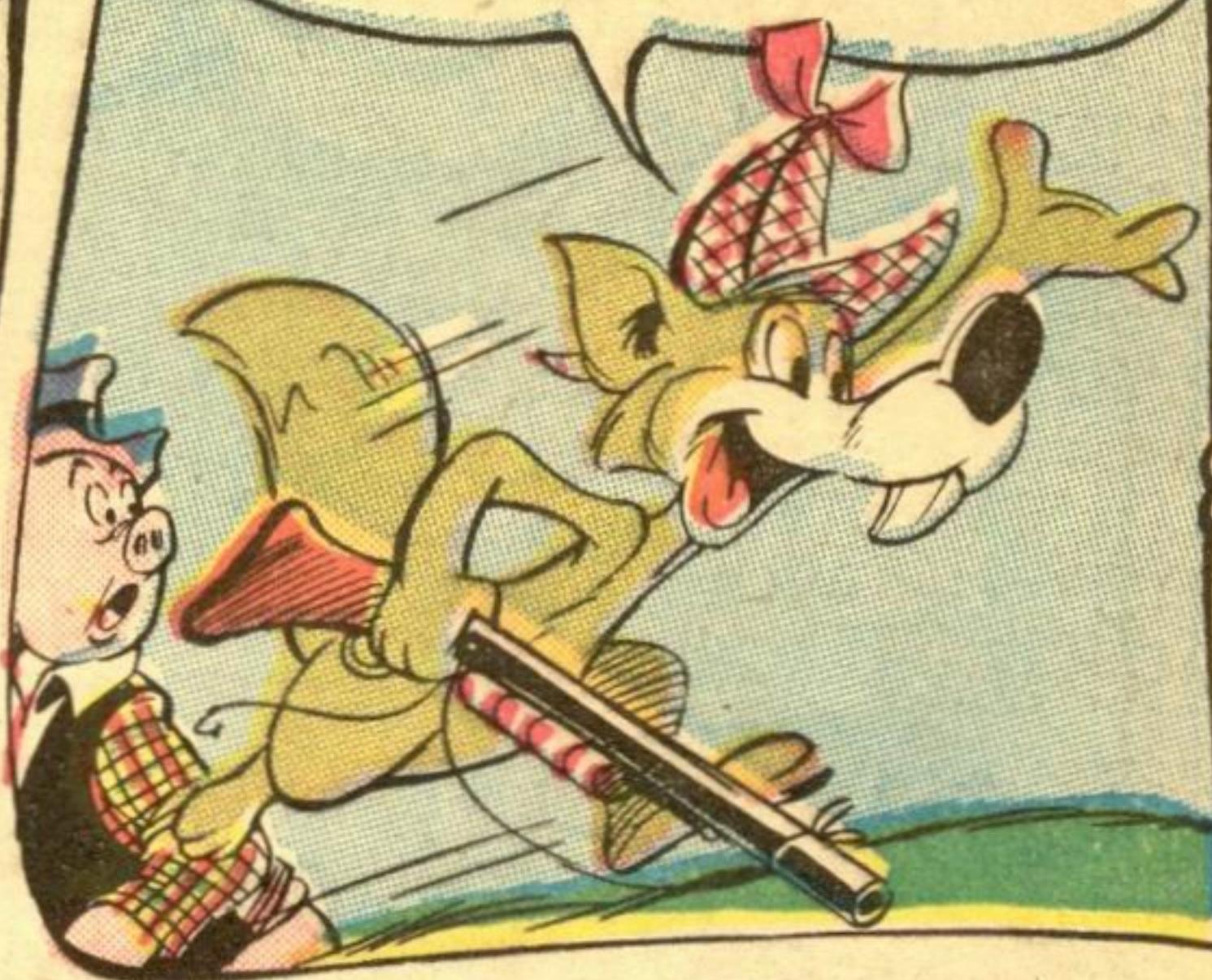
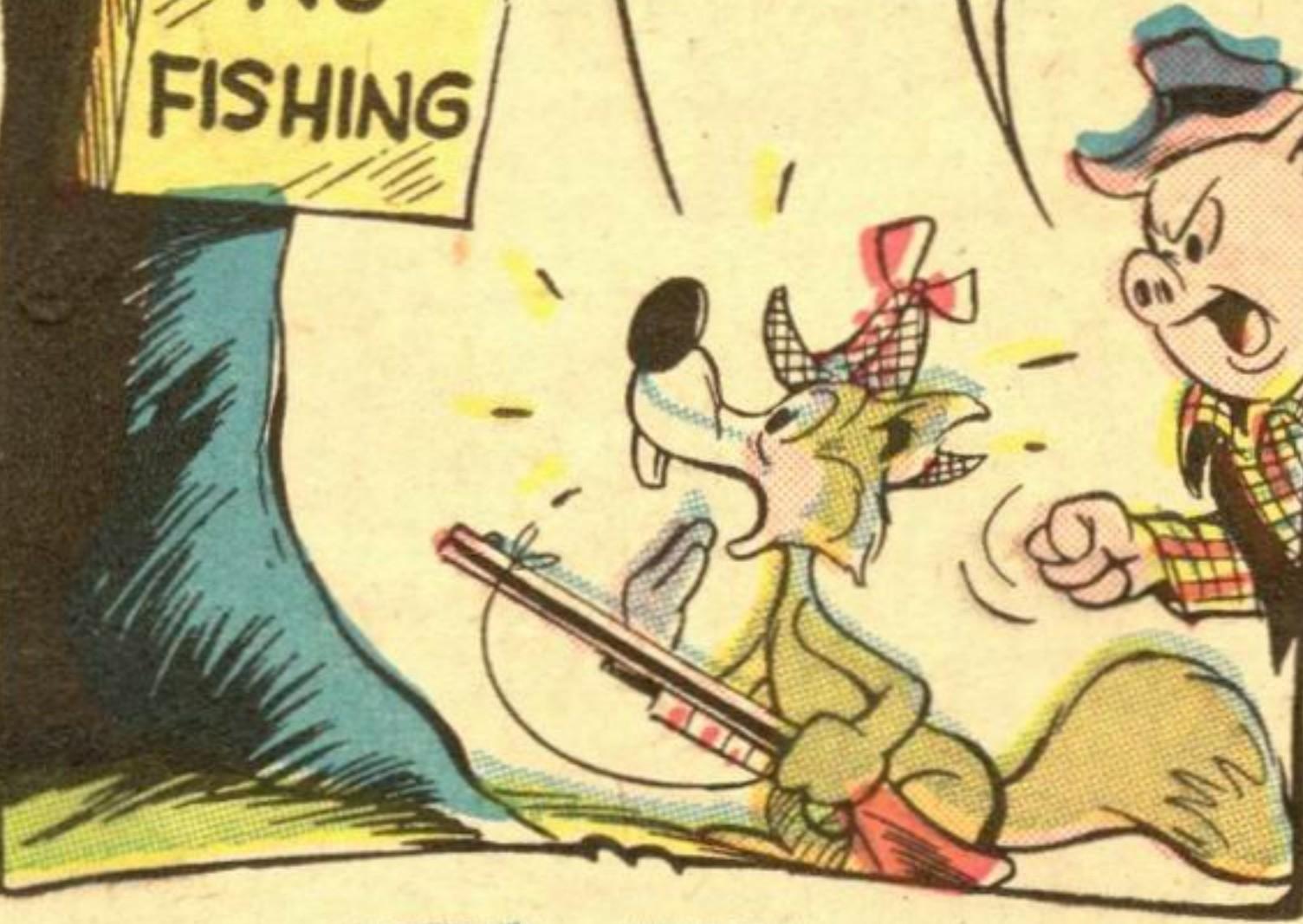


N-O-F-I-S-H-I-N-G!  
NO FISHING!  
IS THAT RIGHT?

YOU  
KNOW DARN  
WELL IT IS!

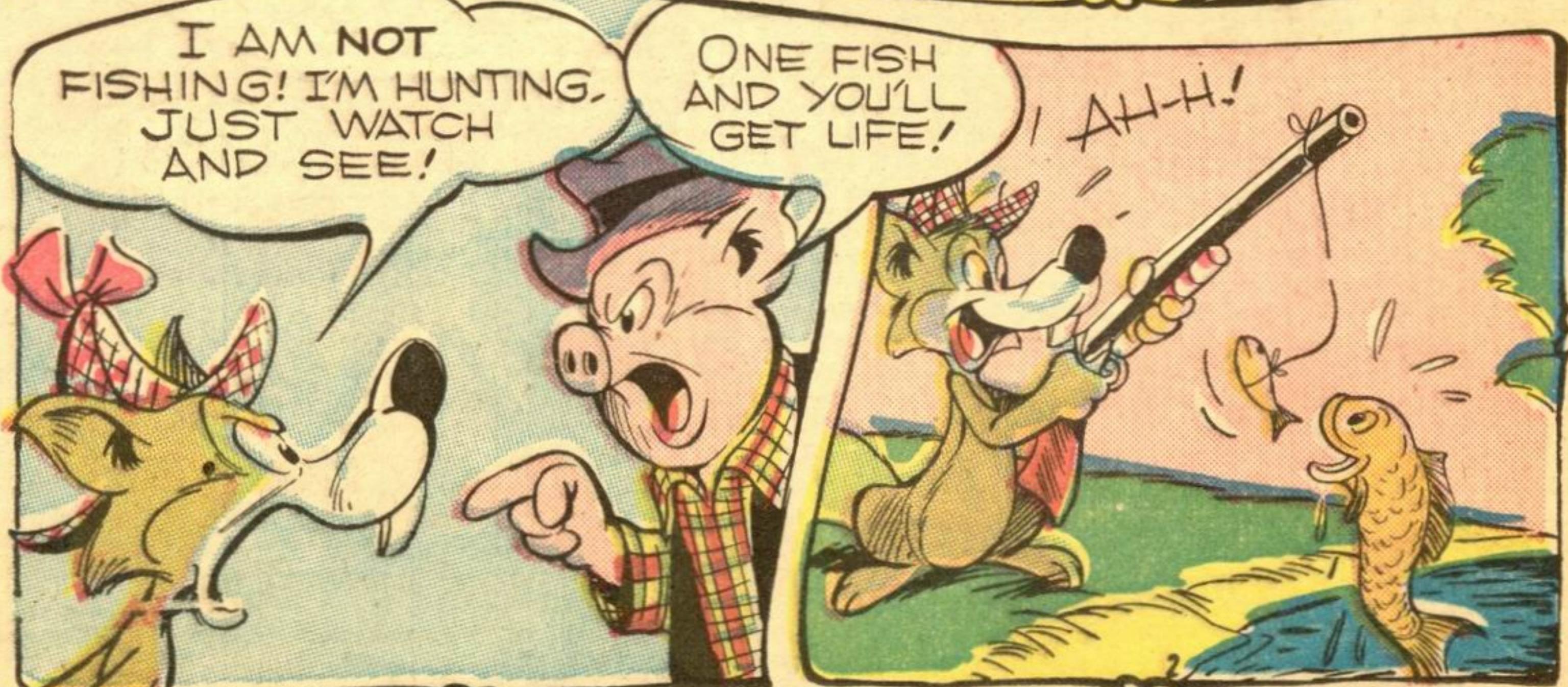
NO  
FISHING

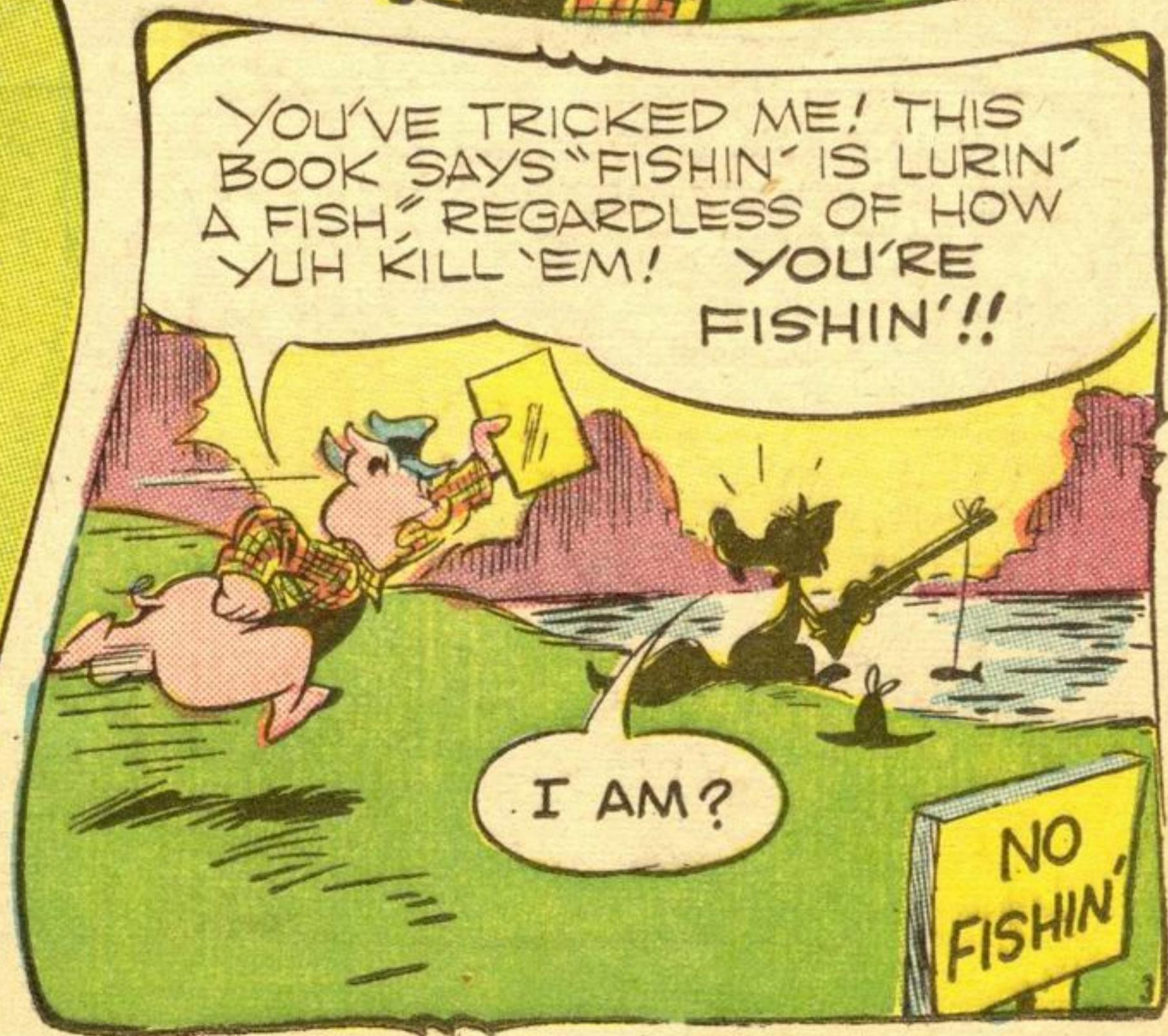
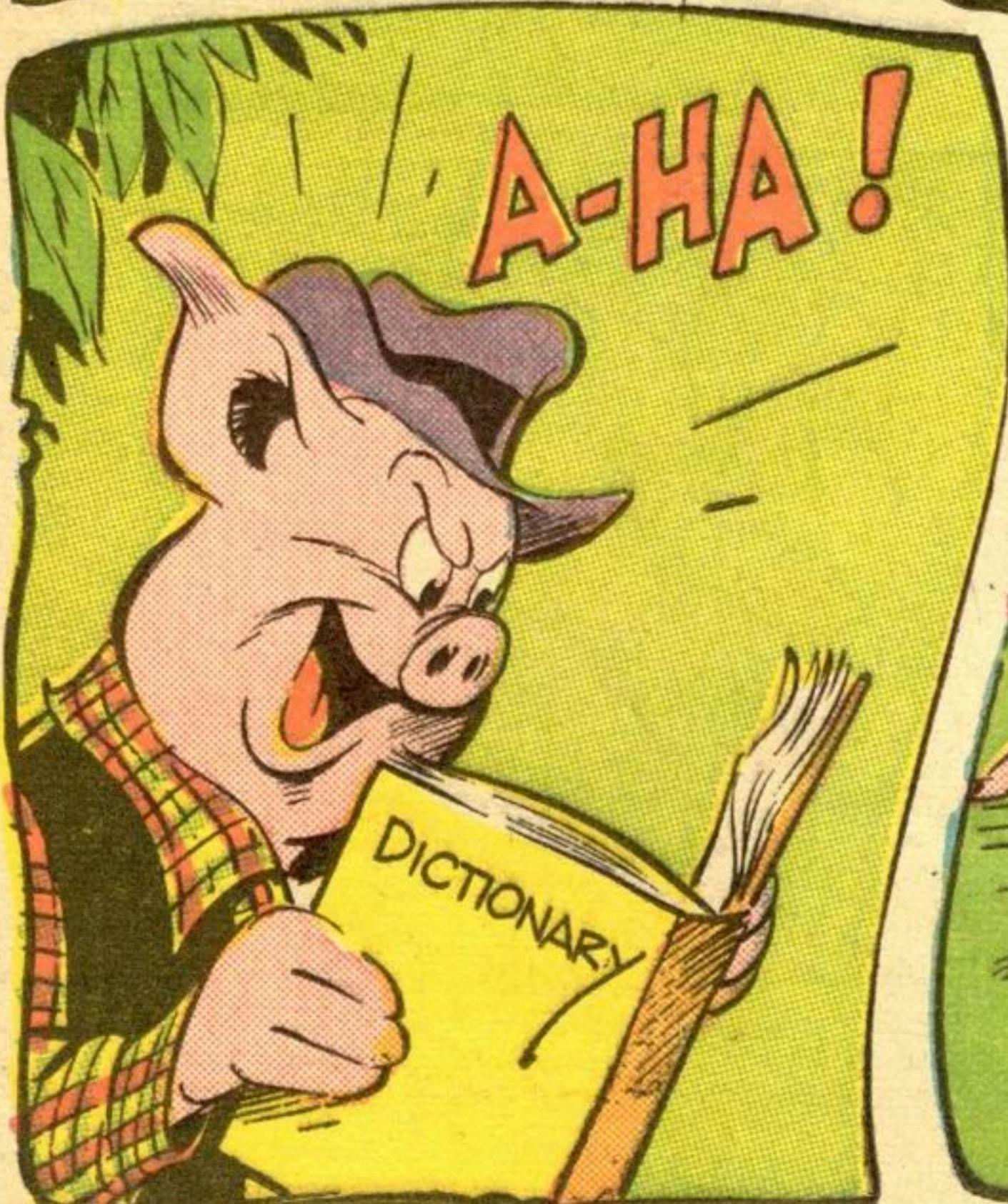
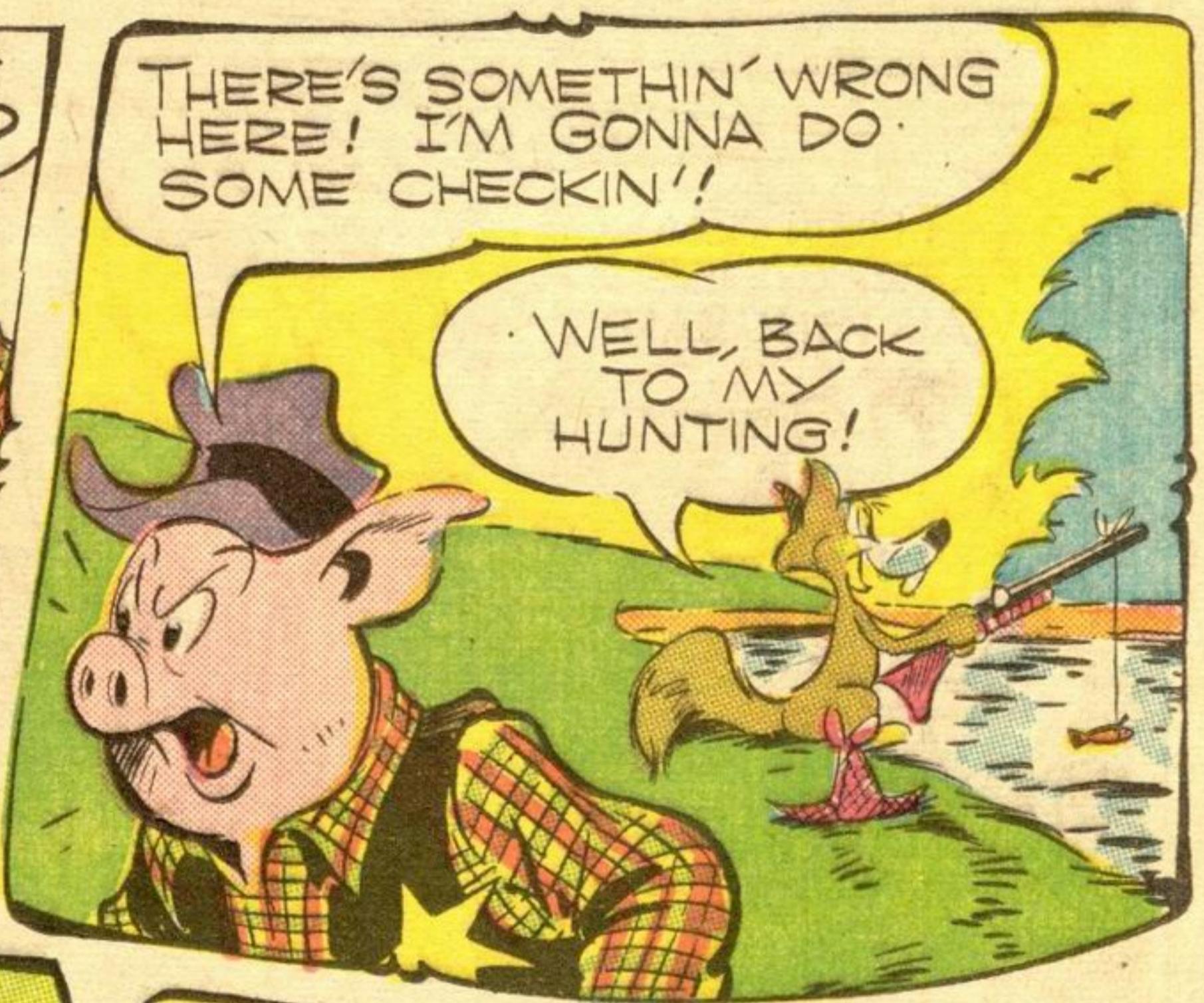
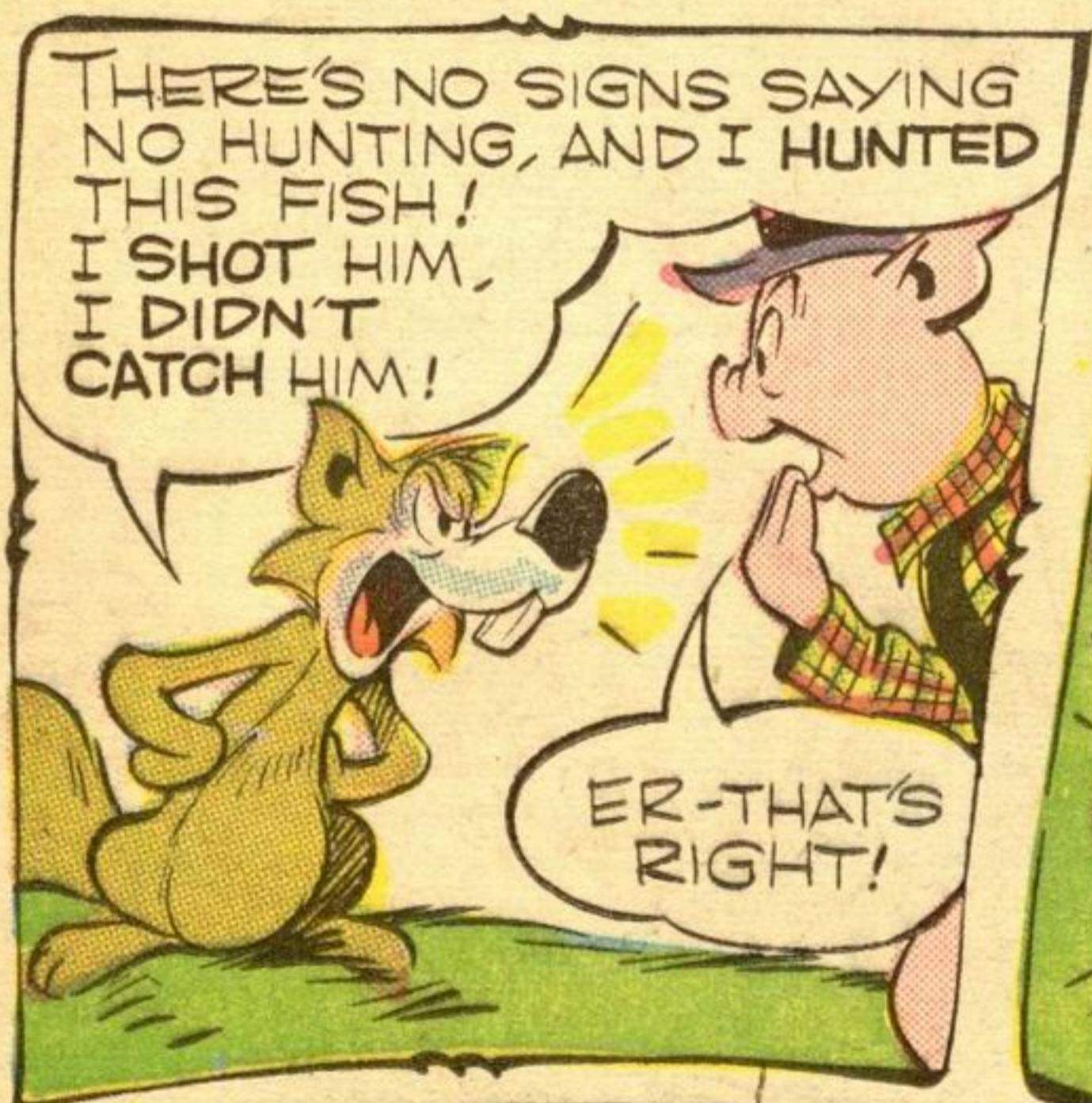
IF YOU WILL PLEASE  
NOTE, I'M NOT  
PLANNING ON FISHING --  
I'VE TAKEN UP ANOTHER  
SPORT - HUNTING!!



I AM NOT  
FISHING! I'M HUNTING.  
JUST WATCH  
AND SEE!

ONE FISH  
AND YOU'LL  
GET LIFE!





PLEASE DON'T  
ARREST ME! I  
COULDN'T HELP  
IT! I DIDN'T  
KNOW!

YER GOIN' TO  
JAIL!

YOU'RE A POLICE OFFICER,  
YOU KNOW THE LAW!  
THERE'S A RULE THAT  
SAYS IGNORANCE OF  
THE LAW IS  
SOME  
EXCUSE!

THEN I'M  
FREE, 'CAUSE I  
WAS IGNORANT!

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW  
THERE'D BE A LAW TO  
PROTECT THAT FOX!

WHAT AM I SAYING ??  
HE TRICKED ME AGAIN!  
THE RULE SAYS ~  
"IGNORANCE OF THE LAW IS  
NO EXCUSE!"

THE GAME WARDEN  
NEVER GIVES UP TRYIN'  
TO GET ME AND I'M  
NOT GIVIN' UP  
FISHIN'! HM!  
I'VE GOT AN  
IDEA!

SO YOU'RE  
BACK AGAIN, HUH?  
WELL, I'M WARNIN'  
YUH, DON'T  
TRY ANY FUNNY  
BUSINESS, OR--

NOT ME!  
I'M ALWAYS  
ON THE UP  
AND UP!

WHATCHA  
GOT  
THERE?

WATER AND  
MY OWN -

- FISH! AND  
YOU CAN'T STOP  
ME FROM  
CATCHIN' MY  
OWN FISH!

THIS'S KILLIN' ME!  
MY HANDS ARE TIED!

THERE MUST BE A LAW OR A  
LOOP HOLE AGAINST THIS!  
THERE MUST! I'VE  
FOUND IT!!

THOSE MAY BE YOUR FISH, BUT  
THEY'VE GOT MY LAKE WATER  
ON 'EM, AND YOU CAN'T TAKE  
MY LAKE WATER - THAT'S AGAINST  
THE LAW!

I'LL WRING  
THEM OUT!  
I'LL -

NOPE! IT'S THE JAIL  
HOUSE FOR  
YOU!

TRAPPED  
LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP!

THERE! I'VE  
DREAMED  
OF THIS  
DAY!

I'M A VICTIM  
OF FATE, THAT'S WOT!

CAPTURED AND  
ENSLAVED BY THE  
CR-RUEL AUTHORITIES!  
I WILL SEEK COUNSEL  
WITH THE DIGNITARIES--  
THE DIG -

DIG!!

DIG! DIG! DIG!  
WELL, ALL  
RIGHT!

MY! WHAT A DAY!  
A NICE DAY FOR  
FISHIN'! I MIGHT TRY  
THAT FOR A CHANGE!

THE SAME OL'  
SPOT! THE  
SAME COLD  
BLACK EYES  
LEERING AND  
PEERING!

B-BUT YOU CAN'T  
BE! YOU'RE IN THE  
JAILHOUSE!

AND SPENDING THE  
BEST YEARS OF  
MY LIFE!

I GOTTA  
CHECK ON THIS!

YES! SOMETHING  
MUST BE AMISS!

YOU'VE COME BACK  
TO GLOAT AT MY PLIGHT!  
GO AWAY! HAVEN'T  
YOU DONE ENOUGH?

GO!!

YOU  
ARE  
THERE!!

I MUST BE  
WRONG! HE  
COULDN'T BE  
BACK THERE  
FISHIN'!

YOU!! IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!!  
-Y-YOU'RE-

MADE  
IT!

I MUST BE LOSING  
MY MIND! I'LL  
CHECK AT THE JAIL  
AGAIN!

AND I'LL  
BE THERE  
WAITIN' FOR  
HIM!

OH! OH! HE'S  
LEFT HIS  
FISHIN' SPOT!

WOTTA SAP!  
OH, WELL! I'LL  
PLAY THIS GAME  
UNTIL HE CRACKS  
UP!

THE GAME'S  
OVER, BROTHER!

WHY  
DON'T YOU  
GIVE UP?  
NO JAIL  
WILL HOLD  
ME!

NOT THAT  
ONE, BUT  
I'VE GOT  
ONE YOU  
CAN'T BREAK  
OUT OF!

THIS JAIL HAS  
A CONCRETE BOTTOM,  
SO TRY TO DIG OUT  
OF HERE!

YOUR FISHIN'  
DAYS ARE OVER!

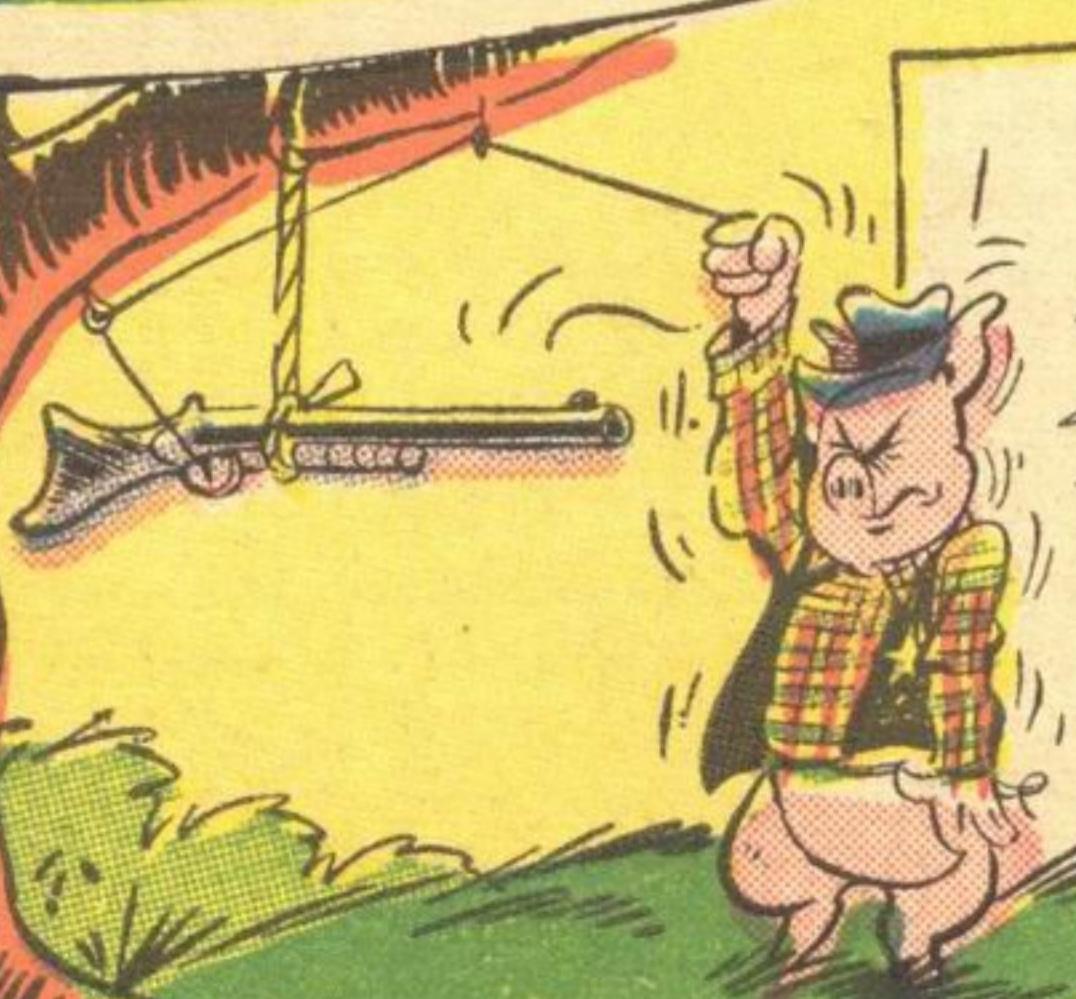
AH-H!  
NOTHING TO  
LOOK FORWARD  
TO BUT YEARS  
OF QUIET  
RELAXATION!

WHAT  
A BEAUTY!

NO! NO!  
OH, NO!

HEY, MAC! BEFORE  
YOU DO THAT,  
BUILD ME ANOTHER  
CLINK SO I CAN  
STORE ALL THESE  
FISH!

COUNTY  
CLINK



# HAPPY ENDING

ALL the cats in Hogan's Alley were doing fine . . . until Clipper came along! True, they had their little arguments and spats, but things always worked out all right . . . until Clipper came along!

"I wanna speak ta all youse cats in dis here alley!" he announced, the very first day he arrived. "Me name's Clipper, see? An' I wanna warn ya, so's there won't be no funny stuff, see? I'm *tough!*"

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Red, a smart, ginger-colored cat. "You can't . . ."

"Oh, *no?*" sneered Clipper. "Lemme show ya somethin'. Look!"

Clipper turned his back on his audience. "I ain't got no tail, if yez'll notice!" he said proudly.

"So *what?*" asked Red, completely mystified.

"So *dis!*" Clipper answered. "De last alley I wuz in, I wuz a cat like all de rest of de cats. I had a big, furry tail, which, as ya kin see . . . I *lost!*"

"So *what?*" Red asked again, as all the other cats stood around gaping.

Clipper looked at him threateningly. "At foist, I hadda tough time, convincin' 'em I wuz boss. In fact, I beat up *every cat*



*in de alley!* Dat's how I lost me tail. But you should see what happened ta dem cats! Now fellas, what's it gonna be? Ya gonna admit I'm boss of dis here alley . . . or do I hafta start *showin' ya?*?"

"Okay, okay!" all the cats murmured quickly. "You're our new boss!"

"Den don't just *stand here!*" Clipper ordered. "Bring me some fish, so's I kin eat whilst you finds me a place ta live!"

Red, however, did no such thing. He watched all of his friends scurry off nervously, but he refused to budge.

"Hey, you!" Clipper said sharply. "Get goin'!"

"I will," said Red, "but not in the direction you think!"

As he ran towards the library, Red said to himself, "There's somethin' mighty funny about that guy's story . . . an' I mean to find out about it!"

It took him a while to find the right book, but when he did, the ginger-colored cat laughed and laughed. "Tough guy, huh?" he exclaimed, running back to the alley.

"Hey, fellas!" he called. "Everybody come a-runnin'!"

When all the alley cats had gathered, including Clipper, Red scrambled up on a box and said, "It's all right, fellas . . . this cat's a *fake!*" And he pointed right at Clipper.

"Wha . . . why, you . . . you . . ." Clipper started to bluster.

"Thought he could fool us with a story about how he lost his tail beatin' up a lotta cats!" Red continued. "Why, fellas, *he never had a tail!* He's a *Manx!*!"

"A *what?*"

"A *Manx cat!*" Red repeated. "And *Manx cats don't have tails!*"

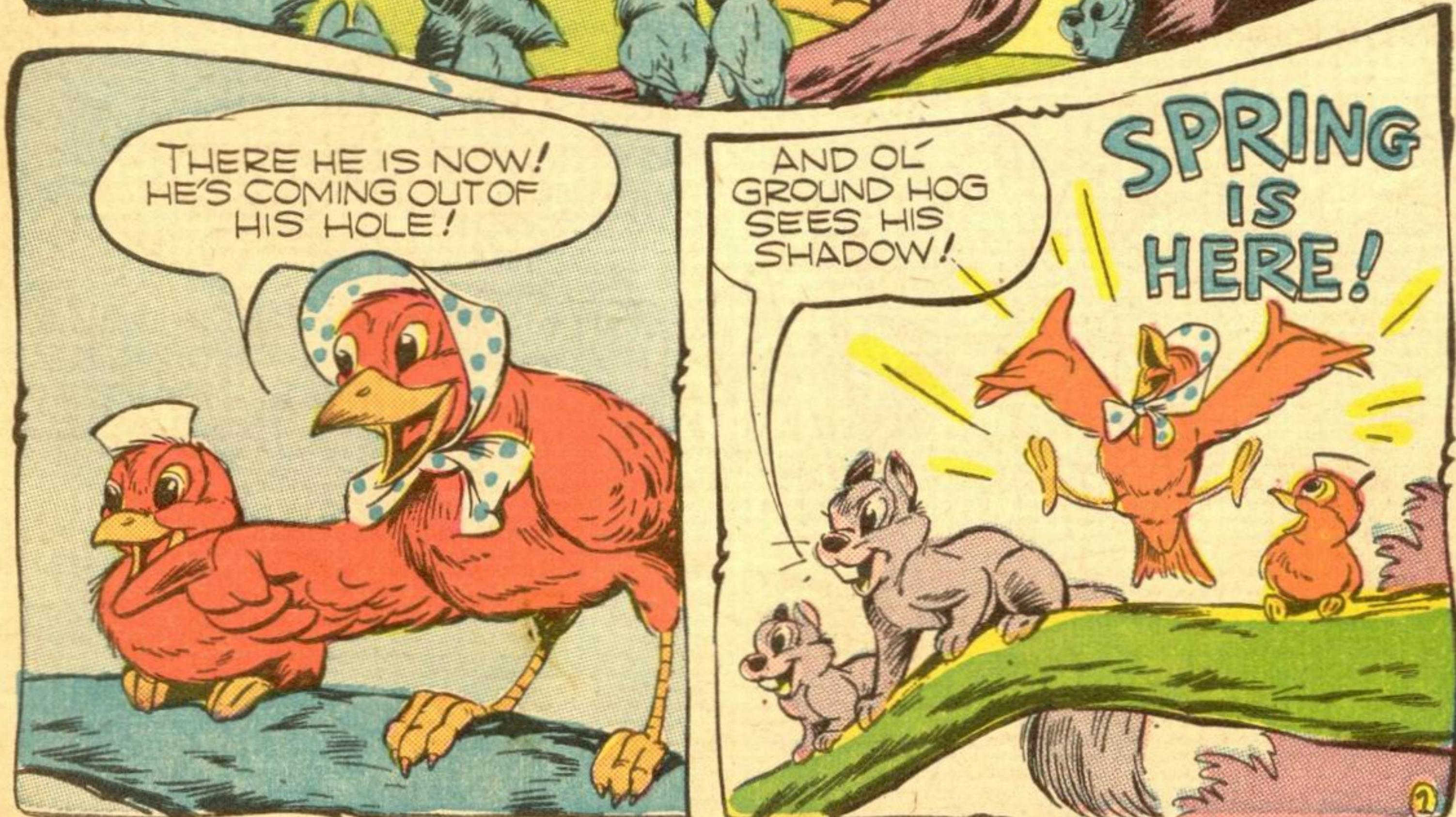
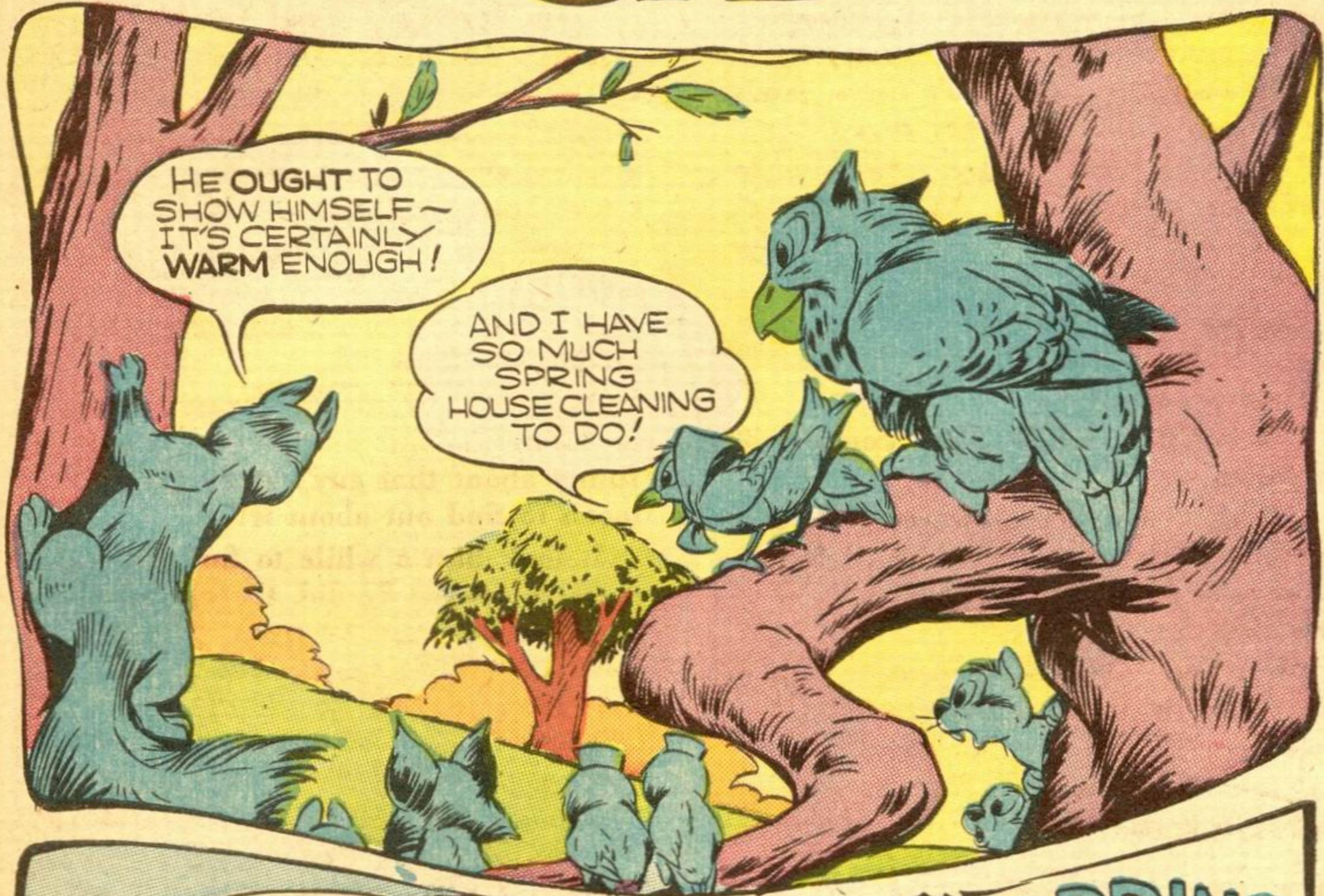
"Let's get 'im!"

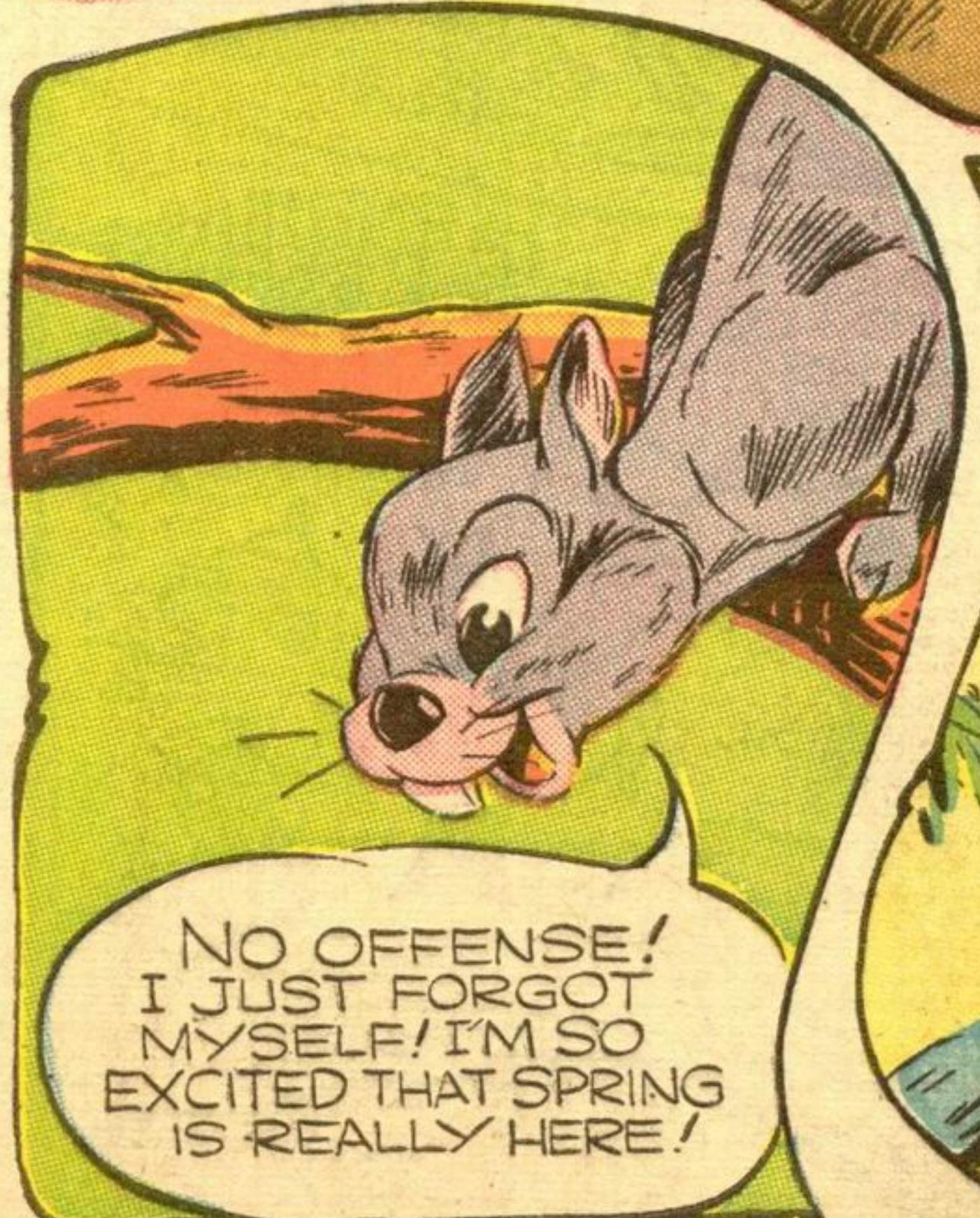
"Let's run 'im outta the alley!"

"We won't have to!" said Red. "He's doin' all the runnin'!"

And sure enough . . . he was!

# GROUND HOG DAY





YEP! OL' LADY  
SPRING IS SURE  
'NUFF HERE,  
ALL RIGHT!

GET OUT AND GET  
BUSY! YOUR  
HIBERNATION DAYS  
ARE OVER, SLEEPY-  
HEAD!

THAT'S STRANGE!  
THERE'S A NORTH  
WIND BLOWING!

AND LOOK!  
THE CLOUDS  
ARE GETTING  
DARKER!

IT'S  
SNOWING!!

BUT-  
POP!

YOU HEARD  
ME! PUT ON  
THAT LONG  
UNDERWEAR  
AGAIN!

**SPRING!!  
MY TAIL  
FEATHERS!**

SOMETHING FISHY  
ABOUT THIS! OL'  
GROUND HOG NEVER  
MAKES MISTAKES!

IT WAS ABOUT  
HERE WHERE  
GROUND HOG  
SHOWED  
HIMSELF!

HEY! THAT'S  
HIS SNORE!!

YET IT CAN'T BE!  
ONCE HE SEES HIS  
SHADOW, HE NEVER  
GOES BACK IN  
HIS HOLE!

HEY!  
WATCH WHERE  
YOU'RE DIGGIN'!

WHAT'S THE IDEA,  
DISTURBING ME?  
CAN'T A FELLA SLEEP  
IN PEACE?

BUT YOU  
WERE  
ALREADY  
UP AND SAW  
YOUR  
SHADOW!

NOT THIS YEAR!  
NOW GO AWAY AND  
LET ME SLEEP!

OF ALL THE  
NERVE! BUTTIN'  
IN ON MY  
N-NICE ---  
QUIET--SL---  
SLEEP-Z-Z-Z  
Z-Z-Z

HI,  
THERE!  
WOT'S THE  
EXCITEMENT?

GROUND HOG!!  
IT CAN'T BE!!  
YOU JUST WENT  
BACK IN YOUR  
HOLE!

ME A  
GROUND HOG?  
HECK! I'M  
A BEAVER!

I USUALLY  
HIBERNATE DOWN BY  
THE RIVER, BUT THIS YEAR  
I DECIDED TO GO INLAND!  
VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF  
LIFE, YOU KNOW!

IT WAS THAT  
BEAVER WE  
SAW YESTERDAY!  
OH, WELL-NOTHIN'  
TO DO BUT TO  
GO BACK AND  
SLEEP!

NO SENSE  
IN HOUSE  
CLEANING 'TIL  
SPRING'S  
REALLY HERE!

LATER

HO-HUM!  
ANOTHER  
SPRING!

WHERE IS  
EVERYBODY?  
THEY'RE USUALLY  
HANGING AROUND  
ASKING SILLY  
QUESTIONS  
ABOUT SPRING!

OH, WELL! I'D  
BETTER WAKE THEM  
UP!

HEY, EVERYBODY!  
IT'S  
**SPRIN-**

ULP!!

IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S  
GOOD FOR YOU - YOU'LL  
SCRAM FAR AWAY FROM  
HERE, WITHOUT SAYIN'  
NOTHIN' TO NOBODY!

YES SIR!

JULY-

I'D WAKE HIM  
UP BUT I TOLD  
HIM HE COULD  
SLEEP UNTIL  
SPRING!

PLEASE, POP!  
CAN'T WE TAKE  
'EM OFF NOW?

GROUND HOG  
HASN'T SHOWED  
HIMSELF! IT'S  
NOT SPRING YET!

WHEW!  
WOTTA  
SCORCHER!

The  
END.

# **The Magazine THAT'S MAKING AMERICA**

**HERE IT IS ---  
A BOMBSHELL OF  
BELLY-LAFFS --- A  
SALVO OF SMILES  
... THE GREATEST  
GLOOM-CHASER  
THAT EVER HIT  
THE STANDS!**

**THERE'S A SHRIEK  
A SECOND WAITING  
FOR YOU --- AND  
YOU'LL LOVE IT!  
SO RUN ---DO NOT  
WALK ... TO YOUR  
NEAREST NEWS-  
STAND, AND  
SAY:**



# **Giant**



# HA HA COMICS

**ON ALL STANDS . . .**

# The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



**I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too  
in Only 15 Minutes a Day!**

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Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy. NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

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Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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*Charles Atlas*

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2183,  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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